ADONIS.

Frontispiece. Vol. 35.

Published April 1. 1810, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

Sir Jagjit Rayal 1817

Fifteenth of the Improv'd Work

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

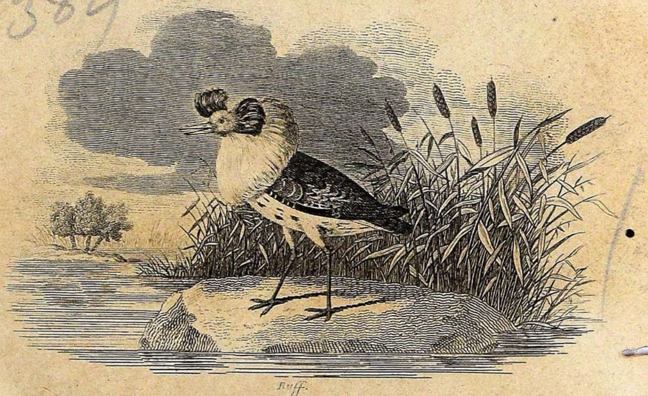
And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 35.

1384

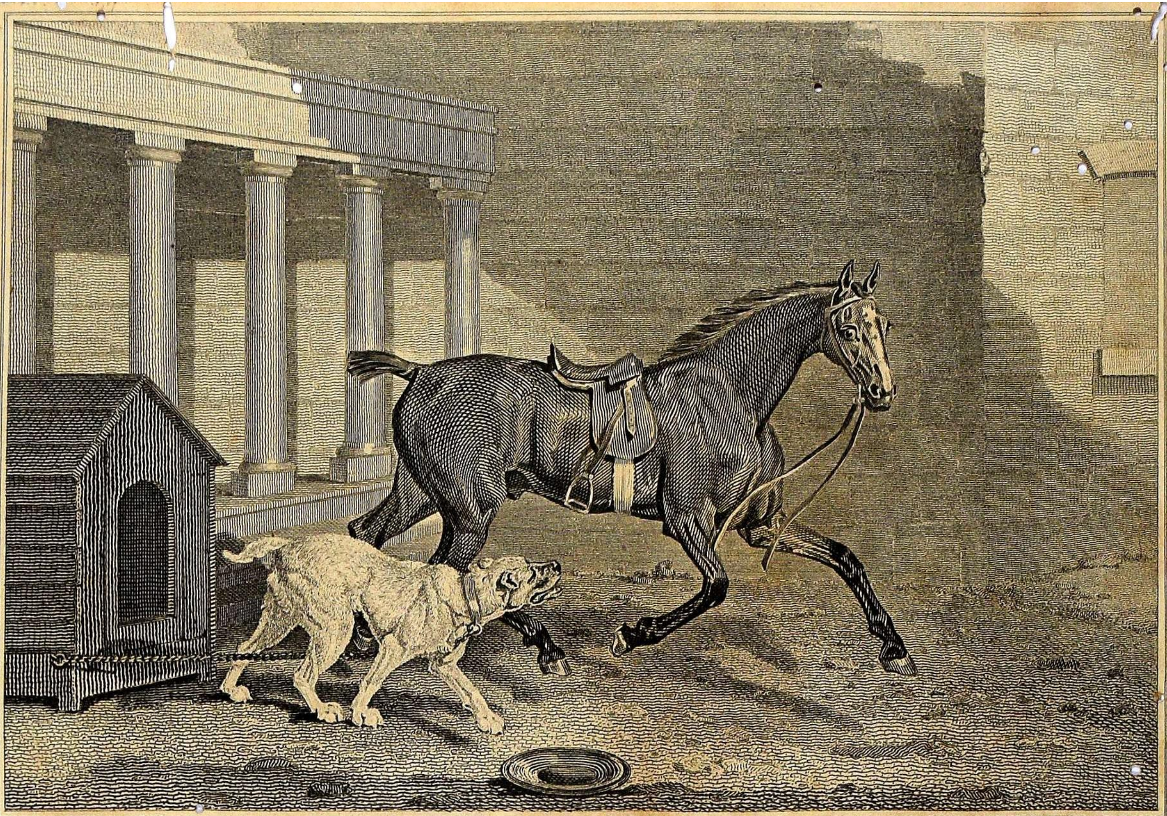


Ruff.

London

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1810.



B. Marshall pinx.t S. Mitan sculp.t

Horse, the property of I. B. Trevanion Esq.r

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV. OCTOBER, 1809. No. CCV.

HORSE,

The Property of Mr. Trevanion.

THIS masterly Engraving of a Horse, the property of the above gentleman, a resident in Devonshire, should have been accompanied with some particulars of his character and excellence; not, however, being able to obtain them in time, we must defer the subject until next month.

**** Our intention being to give only One Plate a Month, and that from paintings of the highest interest, and engraved in a very superior style by the first artists, next Month's Engraving will be from a design of Mr. Sartorius, jun. and executed by Mr. John Scott.*

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

IN our former essays upon this essential topic, we have been engaged merely with reciting instances of the commission of error in persons, who, though very properly amenable to the sting of the law, were not legislators, or at least but in a few instances. But it is our painful duty now to register an open violation of legal and moral obligations, in two gentlemen, who were not only law-makers but Cabinet Ministers!—Two prime men of the state, whose duty it was to have set an example of virtue to mankind, and have proved the legitimacy of their claim to public reverence, by their superior wisdom and morality, and not have become the objects of pity with all good men, and the points of contempt with the enemies of our well-being.—Oh! it is monstrous, that two high and confidential servants of the crown and nation, who should have sat at the helm of the state in mutual harmony, to have guided the vessel of the realm with safety through a stormy sea, should have so far forgotten what was due to the character of their country, (if they were indifferent as to the preservation of their own) as to walk from the recesses of the Privy-Council chamber with a pistol in one hand, and *their seals of office in the other,* to fight a duel beneath the face of Heaven, and thereby prove to the universe, that the baser passions of human nature had an undue influence in their hearts and minds!—But you shall have their apology for this criminal procedure, and " nothing can we to damnation add, greater than this."

The following are authentic copies of the two letters which passed between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, immediately previous to the late duel :—

St. James's Square, Sept. 19, 1809.

Sir,

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any detailed statement of the circumstances which preceded the recent resignations. It is enough for me, with a view to the immediate object of this letter, to state,

 that

that it appears a proposition had been agitated, without any communication with me, for my removal from the War Department; and that you, towards the close of the last session, having urged a decision upon this question, with the alternative of seceding from the government, procured a positive promise from the Duke of Portland (the execution of which you afterwards considered yourself entitled to enforce), that such removal should be carried into effect.—Notwithstanding this promise, by which I consider you pronounced it unfit that I should remain charged with the conduct of the war, and by which my situation as Minister of the Crown was made dependent upon your will and pleasure, you continued to sit in the same cabinet with me, and to leave me not only in the persuasion that I possessed your confidence and support as a colleague, but you allowed me, in breach of every principle of good faith, both public and private, though thus virtually superseded, to originate and proceed in the execution of a new enterprise, of the most arduous and important nature, with your apparent concurrence, and ostensible approbation.

You were fully aware, that if my situation in the government had been disclosed to me, I could not have submitted to remain one moment in office without the entire abandonment of my private honour, and public duty. You knew I was deceived, and you continued to deceive me.

I am aware it may be said, which I am ready to acknowledge, that when you pressed for a decision for my removal, you also pressed for its disclosure, and that it was resisted by the Duke of Portland, and some members of the government, supposed to be my friends. But I never can admit that you have a right to make use of such a plea, in justification of an act affecting my honour, nor that the sentiments of others could justify an acquiescence in such a delusion on your part, who had yourself felt and stated its unfairness. Nor can I admit that the head of administration, or any supposed friend (whatever may be their motives) can authorise or sanction any man in such a course of long and persevering deception; for were I to admit such a principle, my honour and character would be from that moment in the discretion of persons wholly unauthorised, and known to you to be unauthorised, to act for me in such a case. It was therefore your act and your conduct which deceived me; and it is impossible for me to acquiesce in being placed in a situation by you, which no man of honour could knowingly submit to, nor patiently suffer himself to be betrayed into, without forfeiting that character.

I have no right as a public man, to resent your demanding, upon public ground, my removal from the particular office I have held, or even from the administration, as a condition of your continuing a member of the government. But I have a distinct right to expect that a proposition, justifiable in itself, shall not be executed in an unjustifiable manner, and at the expense of my honour and reputation. And I consider that you were bound, at least, to avail yourself of the same alternative, namely, your own resignation, to take yourself out of the predicament of practising such a deceit towards me, which you did exercise, in demanding a decision for my removal.

Under these circumstances, I must

must require that satisfaction from you to which I feel myself entitled to lay claim. I am, &c.

CASTLEREAGH.

The Right Hon. George Canning, &c.

Gloucester-Lodge, Sept. 20, 1809.

My Lord,

The tone and the purport of your lordship's letter, which I have this moment received, of course preclude any other answer, on my part, to the misapprehensions and misrepresentation with which it abounds, than that I will cheerfully give to your lordship the satisfaction which you require. I am, &c.

GEORGE CANNING.

Lord Viscount Castlereagh, &c.

The Hon. H. Wellesley was the gentleman chosen by Mr. Canning to be his second in the duel, on account of the strict and confidential intimacy that subsists between him and the family; but the recent domestic event which happened to that gentleman, induced him to decline an office which would infallibly bring his name again before the public; and he therefore went down, in a post-chaise and four horses, to Esher, to engage Mr. Ellis to attend his friend. The Queen and Princesses were at the house of Mr. Ellis on Mr. Wellesley's arrival, and he therefore stopped at the inn till her Majesty's departure, when the two gentlemen returned together to Gloucester Lodge, to prepare for the combat.

MR. CANNING'S EXPLANATION.

It is perfectly true, that so long ago as Easter Mr. Canning had represented to the Duke of Portland the insufficiency (in his opinion) of the Government, as then constituted, to carry on the affairs of the country, under all the difficulties of the times, and had requested that, unless some change should be effected in it, he might be permitted to resign his office.—It is equally true that in the course of the discussion, which arose out of this representation, it was proposed to Mr. Canning, and accepted by him, as the condition of his consenting to retain the seals of the Foreign Office, that a change should be made in the War Department.

But it is not true that the time at which that change was ultimately proposed to be made, was of Mr. Canning's choice; and it is not true that he was party or consenting to the concealment of that intended change from Lord Castlereagh.

With respect to the concealment, Mr. Canning, some short time previous to the date of Lord Castlereagh's letter, without the smallest suspicion of the existence of any intention on the part of Lord Castlereagh to make such an appeal to Mr. Canning as that letter contains, but upon information that some misapprehension did exist as to Mr. Canning's supposed concurrence in the reserve which had been practised towards Lord Castlereagh, transmitted to one of Lord Castlereagh's most intimate friends, to be communicated whenever he might think proper, the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Canning to the Duke of Portland, in the month of July, in which Mr. Canning requests, "in justice to himself, that it may be remembered, whenever hereafter this concealment shall be alledged (as he doubts not that it will) *against him*, as an act of injustice towards Lord Castlereagh, that it did not originate in his suggestion—that so far from desiring it, he conceived, however erroneously,

 Lord

Lord Camden to be the sure channel of communication to Lord Castlereagh; and that up to a very late period he believed such communication to have been actually made."

The copy of this letter, and of the Duke of Portland's answer to it, "acknowledging Mr. Canning's repeated remonstrances against the concealment," are still in the possession of Lord Castlereagh's friend.

The communication to Lord Camden, to which this letter refers, was made on the 28th of April, with Mr. Canning's knowledge, and at his particular desire. Lord Camden being the near connection and most confidential friend of Lord Castlereagh, it never occurred to Mr. Canning, nor was it credible to him, till he received the most positive asseverations of the fact, that Lord Camden had kept back such a communication from Lord Castlereagh.

With respect to the period at which the change in the War Department was to take place, Mr. Canning was induced, in the first instance, to consent to its postponement till the rising of Parliament, partly by the representations made to himself of the inconveniencies of any change in the middle of a Session, but principally from a consideration of the particular circumstances under which Lord Castlereagh stood in the House of Commons after Easter; circumstances which would have given to his removal at that period of the Session, a character which it was certainly no part of Mr. Canning's wish that it should bear.

Mr. Canning, however, received the most positive promise, that a change in the War Department should take place immediately upon the close of the Session. When that time arrived, the earnest and repeated entreaties of most of Lord Castlereagh's friends in the Cabinet, were employed to prevail upon Mr. Canning to consent to the postponement of the arrangement.

At length, and most reluctantly, he did give his consent to its being postponed to the period proposed by Lord Castlereagh's friends; viz. the termination of the Expedition then in preparation; but he did so upon the most distinct and solemn assurances, that whatever might be the issue of the Expedition, the change should take place at that period; that the Seals of the War Department should then be offered to Lord Wellesley (the person for whose accession to the Cabinet, Mr. Canning was known to be most anxious) and that the interval should be diligently employed by Lord Castlereagh's friends, in preparing Lord Castlereagh's mind to acquiesce in such an arrangement.

It was therefore matter of astonishment to Mr. Canning, when at the issue of the Expedition, he reminded the Duke of Portland, that the time was now come for his Grace's writing to Lord Wellesley, to find, that so far from the interval having been employed by Lord Castlereagh's friends, in preparing Lord Castlereagh for the change, the same reserve had been continued towards him, against which Mr. Canning had before so earnestly remonstrated. Being informed of this circumstance by the Duke of Portland, and learning at the same time from his Grace, that there were other difficulties attending the promised arrangement, of which Mr. Canning had not before been apprised; and that the Duke of Portland had himself come to a deter-

a determination to retire from office, Mr. Canning instantly, and before any step whatever had been taken towards carrying the promised arrangement into effect, withdrew his claim, and requested the Duke of Portland to tender his (Mr. Canning's) resignation, at the same time with his Grace's to the King. This was on Wednesday, the 6th of September, previous to the Levee of that day.

All question of the performance of the promise made to Mr. Canning being thus at an end, the reserve which Lord Castlereagh's friends had hitherto so perseveringly practised towards Lord Castlereagh, appears to have been laid aside. Lord Castlereagh was now made acquainted with the nature of the arrangement which had been intended to have been proposed to him.

What may have been the reasons which prevented Lord Castlereagh's friends from fulfilling the assurances given to Mr. Canning, that Lord Castlereagh's mind should be prepared by their communications for the arrangement intended to be carried into effect; and what the motives for the disclosure to Lord Castlereagh after that arrangement had ceased to be in contemplation, it is not for Mr. Canning to explain.

Whatever may have been the presumed points of incapacity for office in Lord Castlereagh, we certainly think, with the author of a popular satire, * that he has been "the scape-goat of his party."—Every one of his coadjutors seems to have shrouded himself from responsibility but him! — and our opinion on this head is not weakened by this explanation on the part of Mr. Canning, which is too much laboured and too complicated for us.—When the cause is untinged with suspicion, the apologist may be brief, direct, and ingenuous.

As Mr. Canning's explanation involved the name of Lord Camden in a very extraordinary manner, the following subsequent statement was made in the Daily Papers: it comes with an air of authority, and as it has remained uncontradicted, we are bound to take it in evidence upon the transaction.

"As it may be inferred, from a statement which has appeared in the public papers, that Lord Camden withheld from Lord Castlereagh a communication which he had been desired to make to him, it is necessary that it should be understood, that however Mr. Canning might have conceived the communication alluded to, to have been made to Lord Camden, it was never stated to Lord Camden that the communication was made at the desire of Mr. Canning; and that, so far from Lord Camden having been authorised to make the communication to Lord Castlereagh, he was absolutely restricted from so doing.

"As it may also be inferred, that Lord Camden was expected to prepare Lord Castlereagh's mind for any proposed change, it is necessary that it should be understood, that Lord Camden never engaged to communicate to Lord Castlereagh any circumstances respecting it, before the termination of the Expedition."

On Wednesday, October the 11th, the Right Honourable Duellists went to Buckingham House,

* "The Jubilee, or John Bull in his dotage."

and

and after they had separately had an audience of his Majesty, resigned the seals of their respective offices. What the emotions of the Sovereign must have been on such a distressing occurrence, may be readily supposed; nor can we believe that the feelings of either of the combatants are to be envied by the meanest members of the human race. W.

THE DESERT HORSE, AND SWIFT HEIRIES OF AFRICA, &c.

MR. Jackson, in his Account of Morocco, says, that the *shrubah erreeh*, or desert horse, is to the common horse what the desert camel is to the camel of burden; the only difference between them in point of feeding is, that this horse requires a portion of camel's milk every day: if they cannot get this, and are obliged from hunger to eat barley and straw, particularly when they are first brought to Morocco, they fall away: however, they gradually recover, fill up, and become handsome to the sight, but lose all their former speed, so that they are afterwards employed to hunt ostriches, at which sport they are very expert.—When travelling in the deserts, the men who ride these horses, as well as the *heiries* or desert camels, have their bowels relaxed at the end of their journies; for which they then drink a draught of camel's milk, which being rejected by the stomach, they drink again; this second draught, after remaining a longer time, is also rejected: the third draught finding the tone of the stomach somewhat restored, remains, and turns to nourishment.

As to the *heirie*, or desert camel, it is in figure similar to the common camel of burden, but more elegantly formed. The Arab, with his loins, breast, and ears bound round, to prevent the percussion of air proceeding from a quick motion, rapidly traverses, upon the back of this abstemious animal, the scorching desert, the fiery atmosphere of which parches, and almost impedes respiration, so as nearly to produce suffocation. The motion of the *heirie* is violent, and can be endured only by those patient, abstemious, and hardy Arabs, who are accustomed to it. These riders will travel three days without food; or a few pipes of tobacco, or a handful of dates, will furnish their meal.

The most inferior kind of *heirie* are called *talatayee*, a term expressive of their going the distance of three days journey in one. The next kind is called *sebayee*, expressing an animal that goes seven days journey in one: and this is their general character. There is also one called *tasayee*, or the *heirie* of nine days; but these are extremely rare.

The *heirie*, in general, has a ring put through its upper lip, to which is fixed a leathern strap, answering the purposes of a bridle: the saddle is similar to that used by the Moors, or what the mountaineers of Andalusia make use of. With a *bakul* or goat-skin, a porous earthen vessel filled with water, a few dates, and some ground barley, the Arab travels from Tombuctoo to Tafilelt, feeding his *heirie* but once, at the station of Arzawad, for these camels, on an emergency, will abstain from drinking seven days.

Their swiftness is thus described by the Arabs in their figurative style:

style:—"When thou shalt meet a *heirie*, and say to the rider *Salem Alick* (peace be unto thee), ere he shall have answered the salutation, he shall be nearly out of sight, for his swiftness is like the wind."

But of all the animals that arrest the attention of an European in this part of the world, the *domestic serpents*, well known at Morocco, are the most surprising.—In the city of Morocco, Mr. Jackson observes, there is scarcely a house without its domestic serpent, which is sometimes seen moving along the roofs of the apartments. They are never molested by the family, who would not hurt them on any consideration, conceiving them a benediction on the household: they have been known to suck the breasts of women whilst asleep, and retire without offering any further injury. They are so sensible as to be susceptible of injury towards them, and it is thought imprudent to incur their displeasure: of course the inhabitants of Morocco do not wish to disturb an animal, that claims the rights of hospitality by settling in their houses.

BREACH OF RAT-CATCHING CONTRACT.

Court of Conscience, Dublin, August 5.

Dr. John Savage, Itinerant Rat-Catcher, and Wife, *v.* Whitcraft.

THIS, as stated by Mrs. Savage herself, was an action of *assumpsit*, on promise of paying one pound, two shillings, and ninepence, for expelling all the rats out of the defendant's concerns in Meath-street, in that city;—to which he pleaded the general issue.

Mr. Dr. Savage stated the case as follows:—After apologising to the Court in a very interesting manner, for being obliged to occupy its time by the particular statements which he felt it necessary to make, as indispensable to his own honour as a professional gentleman, he observed, that the defendant had contracted with him for the expulsion from his premises of those noxious beasts called rats, which, by his extraordinary skill, he completely effected—driving them all into the next house; that, notwithstanding this wonderful proof of human ability, he, the defendant, had refused to pay him the trifling sum of one guinea, which he had, according to his contract, '*bony fidedly*' agreed to pay for the quantity of rat-pills necessary for the great and important work. The worthy Doctor then gave a short encomium on himself—it was, he said, as modest as he could afford. The Doctor concluded by observing, that it was of all tasks the hardest to speak of one's self, and hoped the Court would make the necessary allowances.

Mr. Alley, who presided as Sitting Magistrate, after patiently hearing the plaintiff, called on the defendant for his defence.

Mr. Whitcraft began by remarking, that he was not endowed with either the Ulyssean wisdom, or Ciceronian eloquence, of his antagonist; but, nevertheless, he would give an ingenuous statement of plain facts. The plaintiff, he said, had represented himself as a man of uncommon skill and knowledge in the *Black Art*; that, amongst other things, his success in destroy-

ing

ing rats was only credible on ocular demonstration; that he once had the honour to prepare, by particular desire, a *rat feast* at Lord Glandore's, in the county of Kerry, at which his Lordship's servants, and a number of *other fashionables*, were present — and at which banquet several hundreds of those noxious creatures fell; that he had obtained a regular *diploma* from the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, with other impressive representations, that induced him to have a trial of the plaintiff's skill.

The doctor accordingly came, accompanied by his lady, *Mrs. Doctress* Savage; and having spread his pills in certain magical directions on the parlour floor, he pulled out his square box of sand, formed a horoscope, pronounced several cabalistic words, fetched some deep groans, gave some talismanic knocks on the floor, and, finally, distorting his countenance, and grinning like a Cheshire cat, he exclaimed, "You are a happy, thrice happy man! your house is so swarmed with rats, both young and old, that in a few days you would, together with your family, have been devoured outright; but, all's well—my art will overcome all! Let no one presume to enter this room till I call to-morrow." He accordingly came, accompanied, as usual, by his sapient spouse—whom he sent in first (to remove some of the pills, as was supposed)—and then introducing defendant into the room, he cried out, "Behold a miracle! all's well, indeed! Yes! some of my pills, you see, have been *bonafidedly* taken. On my word and honour, confusion to the rat will be in your house to-morrow—for you will then, at twelve o'clock, see them yourself all marching out, as 'twere rank and file, two and two. In the mean time, let me have the guinea; 'tis a small compensation, I have never yet taken less than five." Defendant, however, excused himself, by saying, he had nothing in the house but bills—and the doctor was reluctantly compelled to depart without his fee. He, however, called the next evening, when the defendant taxed him with imposition, as the promised march had not taken place. But the plaintiff, determined, if possible, to get his fee, said the defendant mistook him—for he meant twelve at night; and that, had he staid up, he would have seen them marching out. The defendant, however, conceiving himself deceived, had lost all faith in the doctor's necromancy, and refused to give him his fee. For not rewarding him for this foul deception, Mr. Savage had brought the present action against the defendant, with an effrontery to be equalled by none but a rat-catcher. But defendant said, he appealed not to the laws of rat-catching, but to those of his country, and he hoped they could compensate him for his trouble, vexation, and disappointment.

Mr. Alley, with his usual penetration, put some questions to plaintiff, which he appeared somewhat at a loss to answer: among the rest the magistrate requested to see the *diploma* of which he had boasted? The doctor produced a slip of paper, not supposing it would be examined. In this, however, he was disappointed, for upon inspection it appeared to be a discharge from a gentleman with whom he had lived as servant.—Plaintiff *nonsuited.*

DECOY

DECOY ELEPHANTS CATCHING A MALE.

From "Oriental Field Sports."

WE may in vain search the annals of art, and examine the records of antiquity, for such an extraordinary fact as forms the subject of this article. That many birds are made instrumental towards enslaving their own species we all know; but even if we should hesitate in admitting, that the chirruping of a linnet in its cage were rather the effect of agitation, and of that sensibility which the sight of its fellow creatures ranging at full liberty must create: or, if we should deny that decoy ducks act rather from habit than from design; and though we should affix to the conduct of each, an absolute connivance in the ensnaring of their own race, and admire the regularity with which they act on such occasions; yet we do not find sufficient to interest us deeply, nor any circumstance evincing either that they are themselves sensible of the stratagem, or that they are attached and strongly affectionate to their employers.

Not so the *koomkie*, (or female elephant:) she becomes an active accessary in the plot against her fellow creature; discovering not only great readiness, but much ingenuity and anxiety for the success of the enterprise, as well as for the personal safety of her keeper! Possibly we might be the less surprised at this, were *koomkies* trained from their earliest years to the device, which is by no means the case. They are generally selected, perhaps from herds comparatively fresh from the *keddah* (or trap), on account of their size, their docility, and their attachment to their *mohouts*, or drivers. In fact, however tractable and affectionate a female elephant may be, she will be of no value as a *koomkie* unless of a good stature; without which she could neither effectually conceal her driver from the sight of the male to be taken, nor, in the event of his being discovered, afford him the least protection.

It may be observed, that domesticated animals at the season of procreation generally are in a state of warfare; one male of superior prowess exiling, or at least controling, such males as may have not either spirit or strength to dispute the point. With wild animals this is, if any thing, carried to a greater extreme. Such as do not possess any exterior weapons of offence, nature has designed should couple, as we find to be the case with hares, rabbits, rats, wolves, bears, and many others; while those to which she has assigned horns, protruding teeth, &c. ever assemble in herds; as elephants, deers, buffaloes, &c. over which one male ordinarily obtains sway. With regard to antelopes, nothing is more common than to see the conquered males wander about in solitude, at a distance from their kindred herds, which they dare not approach. If two, or more of these should meet, as often happens, a fierce contest ensues; like many human litigations, terminating in mutual injury, without any object to reward the victor. With buffaloes it is in some measure the same; the evil is with them diminished by the propensity of herds, at this season, to divide into small parties, with each of which a male retires.

It is not easy to ascertain precisely how the matter stands with elephants; but, from all that can be

be collected on the subject, we may conclude that the case is much the same with them as with deer. Dreadful conflicts between the large males of a flock of elephants have been seen, terminating in the expulsion of the weaker parties, which range the country in the most violent agitation. Full of lust and resentment, they destroy every living object within their power, and in the most wanton manner pull up sugar canes, plaintain trees, &c. rending the air with their disconsolate trumpetting: others are more sulky, and seek the heavier covers; where, no doubt, time allays their passions, and by degrees they rejoin their own, or some other herd.

These single males, which are called *sauns*, very soon distinguish themselves, and attract the notice of the enterprising dealer; who fails not to dispatch two or more *koomkies* for the purpose of securing such substantial prizes. It is to be understood, that the *sauns* are very valuable; being of the first class, and inferior only to the master elephant of the herd; whose antipathy appears to be engendered solely against such among the males as, from their near equality with his own stature, become objects of jealousy. At least such we must take for granted; since we find many males of inferior size among herds taken, at a time when such as are above described, have been obliged, by one superior in vigour, to abandon them.

The *koomkies* dispatched should be as nearly as possible the size of the *saun* to be taken. A *mohout* does not like to venture, unless among ample numbers, on such desperate service, if his *koomkie* bear not a due proportion as to bulk; on which, as also on the footing of attachment created between himself and his charge, which is generally an object of very great solicitude and attention, not only his success, but his very existence depends. When the *koomkies* are within a foot, or a foot and a half, as high as the male to be caught, two will generally suffice; though a third is rarely objected to as superfluous.

Each *mohout* is provided with a black blanket, and a small quantity of strong rope, proper for securing the *saun*; the ordinary paintings of red and dun oaker on the elephants faces, and every thing which could create in the male the least suspicion of domestication, are carefully removed. The *mohouts*, covered with their blankets, crouch in such manner as not to be easily distinguished from the animals they are on; and perhaps, if the situation be favourable to the measure, both the *koomkie* and her driver furnish themselves with green boughs, which the former carries in her trunk, playing with it in such a manner as to favour the concealment of the latter. Though on some occasions the *mohouts* accompany the *koomkies* up to the *saun*, yet it is safer, and generally the most sure and easy mode, for them to dismount in some contiguous cover with their blankets and ropes, leading the *koomkies* to the *saun*, towards which they proceed in the most cunning style.

A majestic scene now presents itself; the *koomkies* begin to caress the *saun*, raising his passions by the most libidinous demeanour. During this scene of courtship, however, they fail not to place themselves in such manner as to favour the approach of the *mohouts*; who, watching

watching their opportunities, pass the ropes with wonderous dexterity round the fore legs of the *saun*, which being elated with his good fortune, and losing all sense but that of enjoyment, is speedily secured. When a large tree is at hand, the *koomkies* artfully lead the *saun* towards it, in the first instance; whence not only the approach of the *mohouts* is greatly facilitated, but an opportunity is afforded him, in the course of dalliance, while the *saun*, like many a love-sick swain, has his thoughts any where but where they should be, of affixing to his hind legs a pair of wooden clasps having spikes within them, and joined to a strong rope, which is passed round the tree, and made completely fast; leaving the *saun* but little scope to move round. During this process, the conduct of the *koomkies* is peculiarly artful. They not only exert themselves with astonishing address to divert the attention of the *saun*, and to cut off his view downwards by means of their trunks, but they even aid in effecting the ligatures therewith, passing the rope at times, when the *mohouts* might either be exposed to danger, or unable to reach it. The clasps for the hind legs are made with a joint in their middle, generally of rope; and the small iron spikes within them, being nothing more than the ends of nails driven through the wood from the outside, do not give any uneasiness except when the *saun* makes an effort to move forward; at which time, the clasps being brought against the limb by the straining of the rope, the spikes are pressed into the ankle, and cause such pain as to dishearten the animal from frequent or forcible exertions.

Notwithstanding every precaution, and the vigilance of the *koomkies*, it sometimes happens that the *saun* either sees, hears, feels, or smells, the *mohouts*; in which case not even the caresses of the "agreeble deceivers" can controul his violence. This is a severe trial of the fortitude and fidelity of the *koomkies*; which have been known to expose themselves to the *saun's* utmost fury, to effect the escape of the *mohouts*, who do not require much urging on such occasions to make a most precipitate retreat. Sometimes the *saun*, indignant and big with rage, forgetting the difference of sex, uses his teeth without mercy; goring the *koomkies* desperately, and twisting their tails with his trunk: I believe instances have occurred of their being killed. One would conclude, that, after such a failure, *koomkies* would be with difficulty induced, at any future period, to approach a *saun*; but, though I have heard of instances of their returning to the same male, after such severe maltreatment by him, I have not been able to learn that any ever were so far intimidated as to be less willing to resume their functions whenever required.

After these measures have been taken to secure him, nothing further is requisite than to leave the *saun* to expend himself, in vain efforts to regain his liberty. Furious and agitated to an extreme, he destroys whatever may be in his way; tearing up the tufts of grass by the roots, rending from the tree such branches as may be within his reach, and eventually straining to throw down the tree itself by his weight, or to pull it up with his trunk. In short, his whole powers are in action on this occasion; and it is not until being completely overcome with fatigue, and nearly dead from his natural thirst, which

is greatly augmented by his constant roarings, that he subsides into a sort of tranquillity.

During the first day, it would be of no avail to tender any sustenance; nor in general will a *saun* for some time touch any thing but water, which he appears to enjoy greatly, and will suck up with avidity. However, the impulse of nature soon operates, and induces him to pick at branches of plaintain, the stems of those trees, sugar canes, bundles of *dhul* grass, or such other provisions as are grateful to his palate. The same *koomkies* and *mohouts* attend him daily, gaining by degrees upon his confidence, and rendering him, after some days, or weeks, according to his natural temper or other circumstances, fit to be taken under charge of elephants, perhaps superior to him in bulk, to the place where others belonging to the same proprietor are kept. At this time, owing to the constraint occasioned by the ligatures, and by the uniformity of position, as well as by the want of exercise, to which the violent struggles he has undergone add greatly, the *saun* is by no means capable of effectual exertion. Large ropes being passed round his body, and, if needful, others attached to his legs, he is conducted, generally with little trouble, to his station. Sometimes, however, a *saun* will in his way, or perhaps on his legs being liberated, make a desperate resistance. When this happens, the conducting elephants, extending to the length of their tow ropes, urge forward as fast as may be practicable; while one or more sturdy males goad him behind with their teeth. The *mohouts* of the latter being provided with spears, which are applied without mercy to the hind parts of the unwilling captive, he generally finds it most convenient to submit, and may perhaps in a few months afterwards be seen leading *sauns* with great spirit and assiduity.

Coercion should, nevertheless, be avoided as much as possible: it is far better to gain gradually upon an elephant's disposition, than to have recourse to any act of violence. No animals on earth have a keener or more lasting sense of injury; while, on the other hand, none seem more grateful for kindness. For this reason, a person wishing to obtain an elephant for his own use, should endeavour to get such as may have been taken by a dealer exercising a system of moderation; selecting from his stock one that has, from the first, been most docile, and been treated with least severity. Such an animal will prove to work better, to be more healthy, and to be on all occasions calm and tractable; while the reverse will, with rare exceptions, be found to result from harsh measures.

THE LATE

MR. WENTWORTH's STUD,

From his first commencing in the Year 1754, to the Time of that Gentleman's Death, 1809.

*** The date of the Year at the beginning of the lines, is when the horses, &c. were foaled; and the number of times each horse, &c. won, is in general only added whilst in Mr. Wentworth's possession.

1747 LITTLE DAVID, bought of Earl Gower, and got by his Lordship's stallion, out of Miss Vixen, by Fox-Cub.—Started three times in Mr. Wentworth's possession, but proved unsuccessful.

1748, POLYPHEMUS, bought of Michael Ann, Esq. and got by Teazer (son of the Bolton Starling).—He

He won a match of 100gs. at York; a 50l. plate, a match of 100gs. and one of 200gs. at Doncaster. He was the first thorough-bred horse Mr. Wentworth had in training.

1748, COMET alias TRIMMER, bred by Sir Richard Hilton, Bart. sold to Mr. Bell, who afterwards sold him to Mr. Wentworth:—He was got by Cade; dam by Young Greyhound, out of Rib's dam. At Newmarket, in October, 1756, Trimmer, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Vernon's Beau, 8st. four miles, 100gs.; in April, 1757, he received 100gs. from Lord Grosvenor's Camilla, allowing her 7lb.; and in May, at 9st. he beat Mr. Panton's Pytho, 9st. 13lb. B. C. 200gs. He was sold to the Duke of Bridgewater, and in October, he received a forfeit from Mr. C. Turner's Mary Grey.

1752, CHESNUT COLT, bought of Mr. Lingar, and got by Ramper, out of the Rebel Galloway:—He started only once, when he won a match of 100gs. at Newmarket, in 1756.

1753, CHARMER alias CHAUNTER, bought of the Duke of Devonshire, and got by Cade, out of his Grace's Bay Basto Mare:—In 1759, he won 50l. at Leeds, beating Encore, Nabob, &c.; he started three times after, but was unsuccessful.

1754, DARRINGTON-CADE,* bred by William Sotheron, Esq. who sold him to Mr. Wentworth:—He was got by Cade, out of Queen Elizabeth's dam, by Lord Cullen's Arabian. At Newmarket, in May, 1760, at 9st. 1lb. he beat Lord March's Bravo, 8st. B. C. 100gs; he also started for five 50l. plates in the same year, and proved unsuccessful. He was a country stallion.

1754, LADYLEGS, bought of the Duke of Hamilton, and got by Lord Portmore's Whitenose:—At Wakefield, in August, 1758, he won 50l. for four-year olds, 9st. each, beating, at four two-mile heats, Marksman, Brown George, Imoinda, Darius, &c.; at York, June 1, 1759, Ladylegs,† carrying a feather, beat Mr. Preston's Hero, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. four miles, 500gs.; and in August, he received 100gs. from Mr. Bethell's ch. mare, by Bolton.

1755, MARIA,‡ bought of Mr. Leedes, and got by Second; dam, Spinster, by Crab, out of the Widdrington Mare, by Partner.—At Malton, in May, 1760, she ran three heats against Engineer; and at Hambleton, in August, she won the King's Plate, beating twelve others. At Newmarket, 1761, she was beat by Mr. Naylor's Sally for the King's plate for mares; at York, in August, she was second to Scrub, beating Careless and Cademus; and at Wakefield, in September, she won the 50l. plate, beating Silverheels: she started only once besides the above. Maria was sold for a brood mare, and was the dam of Mr. Yeats's David, Mr. Stephenson's Dart, Lord Abingdon's Flying Gib, &c.

1755, GREY RICHMOND, bought of Mr. Shuttleworth, and got by Lord Portmore's Whitenose. At

* Darrington-Cade was the first horse that Mr. Leonard Jewison rode, which was at Nottingham in 1760.

† Mr. Wentworth lent Ladylegs to Mr. Charles Turner to run this match.

‡ Maria's dam won the King's plate at Hambleton in 1740; and her grandam in 1748.

Wakefield,

Wakefield, 1760, he won the 50l. plate for five-year olds, 9st. beating at four-mile heats, Patient Grizzle, Wilful, and six others; and at Doncaster, he beat Sir George Savile's Tom Thumb, four miles, 400gs.

1756, SKIPJACK, bought of Mr. William Passman and Mr. John Hutchinson.* — He was got by Oroonoko; dam by Tartar, Cub, out of A-la-greque's dam. In 1760, he won a match at Wakefield; in 1761, he won 50l. at Durham; and the Great Subscription-Purse of 234l. 10s. at York, beating Bachelor, Honest Billy, Mercury, and Camillus. In 1762, he won the Great Subscription-Purse of 255l. 10s. at York, beating Engineer, Second, and Bachelor.—He was beat three times.—Skipjack was a valuable country stallion.

1756, STAR, bred and bought of Mr. Bell—got by Regulus.—Started once, unsuccessful, and then hunted.

1757, BLACKLEGS, bred by John Stanhope, Esq. and sold to Mr. Wentworth; got by Mr. Wilson's Arabian, out of Shorthose's dam, by Second. In 1762, he won 50l. at Chesterfield, beating Hector, Whim, and Druid; he was beat for six 50l. plates, but for three of which he ran four heats for each. He was afterwards hunted.

1757, PATRIOT, bred by Mr. Watson, sold to Mr. Thomas Jackson, who sold him to Mr. Wentworth; got by Regulus, out of an own sister to Syphon's dam, by the Bolton Patriot. He won six 50l. plates, and was sold to Philip Burlton, Esq.

1758, FAVOURITE, bred by William Fenton, Esq. and sold to Mr. Wentworth. He was got by Tartar, dam by Mr. Hutton's Spot, Mogul, Crab, Bay Bolton, Mr. Curwen's Bay Barb, out of a daughter of Old Spot. At Wakefield, 1762, he won 50l. for four-year olds; and at York, in May, 1763, he beat Mr. Bethell's ches. horse, by Tartar, four miles, 200gs. He was sold to the Hon. Francis Charteris; and in 1764, won a 50l. plate at Edinburgh; after which, he won the King's plates at York, Lincoln, Newmarket in October, and at Edinburgh in 1765.

1758, VALIANT, bred by Mr. Elliott, and sold to Mr. Wentworth; got by Sampson, out of Imoinda's dam.—At Newmarket, in April, 1765, at 9st. 10lb. he beat Mr. Fenton's Kelster, 9st. B. C. 100gs.—He was beat for two King's plates and four 50l. plates. —Hunted.

1758, YOUNG ROGER, bred by Mr. Talbot, of Wood-End, near Thirsk, and sold toMr. Wentworth; got by Regulus: started for three plates, and proved unsuccessful.—Sold to Mr. Hodge.

1759, CHANCE, alias KING RICHARD, bred by William Constable, Esq. and sold to Mr. Wentworth; got by Shakspeare:—In 1793, he won a stakes of 160gs. at Malton, and 50l. at Wakefield.—Sold to Mr. L. Dundas.

1759, MILFORD, bought of the Duke of Kingston, and got by Babram; dam by Second, Bolton Starling, out of Legacy, by Old Greyhound:—At Newmarket in May, 1766, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Mr. Burlton's Patriot, 8st. 10lb. B. C.

* Skipjack was the first horse that Mr. John Hutchinson was concerned with in breeding and selling.—He was jointly bred by that Gentleman and Mr. Passman.

100gs.

100gs.—Sold to the Hon. Mr. Shirley.

1759, The CZAR, bought of Lord Bolingbroke, and got by Regulus; dam by Mr. Crofts's Forester, out of the Duke of Ancaster's Starling's dam, by Partner: at York, 1765, at 8st. 4lb. he beat Mr. Stapleton's Carleton, 8st. 8lb. four miles, 400gs.; and won 50l. at Doncaster.

1759, PANCAKE,* bought of Hugo Meynell, Esq. and got by Blank; dam by Crab, out of the Widdrington Mare:—At York, 1768, at 8st. he beat Mr. Pigott's Flylax, 8st. 4lb. four miles, 400gs.: 6 to 4 on Pancake, who won easy. Mr. Wentworth engaged Pancake for this race, which was a great betting one.—He afterwards became the property of Mr. Bishopp.

1760, FORTUNE, bought of Mr. Richard Kingsley for 25l. and got by Lot, out of a mare bred by Mr. Bilton:—At Nottingham, 1764, she won 50l. for four-year olds; and at York, 1765, she won 50l. give-and-take, beating Mr. Cornforth's Dido.

1760, SOUTH-WEST, bought of Sir John Moore, Bart. and got by South, out of Florizel's grandam, by Cartouch:—In 1766, he was beat by Statesmen, at three heats, for the Give-and-take plate at Scarborough; and by Miss Peeper, at Boroughbridge.

1760, VOLUNTEER, bred by Mr. Wentworth, and got by Babram; dam by Broadbottom:—At Richmond, 1764, he won a Stakes of 380gs. beating Cygnet, Young Davy, and seven others; in 1765, he won 50l. at Beverley; in 1766, he also won 50l. at Beverley, beating Mr. Parker's Jerker, and five others.—Sold into Ireland.

1761, CLUMSEY, alias CLAUDIUS, by Young Cade, out of a Sister to Ditto, by Goliah:—In 1765, he won 50l. at Wakefield; in 1766, he won 50l. at Durham, and 50l. at Newark.

1762, CHATSWORTH, bred by the Duke of Devonshire, sold to the Duke of Ancaster, who afterwards sold him to Mr. Wentworth for 200gs.:—In 1767, he won 50l. at Newmarket; and the gold cup at Richmond,† beating Fortune, Hemp, Meaburn, Beaufremont, and Silvio:—At York, in 1768, he received 200gs. from Lord G. Sutton's Fortune:—At Newmarket, 1769, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Pacolet, 8st. B. C. 300gs.; also Morwick-Ball, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 200gs.;—at York, he received 200gs. from Meaburn; and in the same week, he won the Great Subscription-Purse of 361l. 10s. four miles, beating Tortoise, Gimcrack, Morwick-Ball, Bay Malton, and All-Fours;—5 to 4 against Gimcrack, 3 to 1 against All-Fours, 4 to 1 against Chatsworth,‡ 6 and 7 to 1 against Bay Malton, 8 to 1 against Tortoise, and

* Pancake won several stakes, matches, and plates whilst in the possession of Mr. Panton, Mr. Meynell, and Mr. Bishopp.

† This cup was presented to the Duke of Leeds, September, 16, 1809.

‡ Chatsworth, for this race, ran in Sir Lawrence Dundas's name, who was a declared confederate with Mr. Wentworth:—It was a great sporting race; and, it was said, that Mr. Wentworth backed Chatsworth and Tortoise freely against the other four; and that Mr. John Hutchinson, who trained for that Gentleman, won a very considerable sum upon the two horses:—After which, Mr. Wentworth had an excellent painting, with

and 10 to 1 against Morwick-Ball:—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1770, at 8st. 3lb. he beat Metaphysician, 8st. B. C. 300gs.; and in the Second Meeting, he beat Bellario, 8st. 4lb. each, B. C. 200gs.; and in 1771, he received 150gs. from Bellario, 8st. 4lb. each, B. C. —He was afterwards a stallion at Oliver, near Richmond, Yorkshire.

1762, Doge, bought of Lord Bolingbroke, and got by Regulus, out of Mr. Quick's Charlotte's dam, by Crab:—At Newcastle, 1768, he started for a 50l. plate against Mr. Stanhope's Fairy Queen, when he broke down in running for the first heat.—He was afterwards a stallion.

1762, Tortoise, bred by William Crofts, Esq. sold to the Hon. Richard Vernon, who afterwards sold him to Mr. Wentworth:—He was got by Snap; dam by Mr. Shepherd's Crab, out of an own sister to Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian:—He won only once, whilst in Mr. Wentworth's possession, which was at Newmarket in October, 1768, when he beat Morwick-Ball for the King's Plate.—After being beat at Scarborough in 1770, he was sold to Mr. Donner for a stallion, and, 1776, he received a stroke from a mare, which broke his leg, and occasioned his death.

1763, Jewel, bought of Mr. J. Thompson, and was own sister to Mr. Beatson's Alexander, by Lot; dam by Rib, Regulus, out of Black-eyes, by Crab:—Started twice, but unsuccessful.

1763, Kingston, bought of the Duke of Kingston; and got by Sampson; dam by Regulus:—In 1769, he was beat by Slouch, for the King's Plate at Guildford; and was then sold to Mr. Strode.

1764, Bucephalus, bought of Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. and got by Regulus; dam by Partner, Gallant's Smiling Tom, out of Old Traveller's dam, by Almanzor:—At York, 1769, he won the Great Subscription - Purse of 361l. 10s. four miles, beating Leith, Rambler, and Babar; in the same week, he beat All-Fours, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. four miles, 500gs.:—At Newmarket in April, 1770, he was beat, (for the first time) by Eclipse, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C.; he was so hard run, that it rendered him unfit for racing that year.—He was sold to Lord Farnham, but proved unsuccessful; after which he became again the property of Mr. Osbaldeston, and was a stallion in his stud.

1764, Kipling, bought of Christopher Crowe, Esq.; and got by Young Snip; dam by Tartar; grandam, Skewball, (Sister to Trimmer) by Cade:—At York, 1769, he won the Ladies' plate, beating Jack-O! and Leith, which was the only time of his running in Mr. Wentworth's possession.—Sold to the Duke of Grafton.

1764, Pedlar, bought of Mr. Thompson; own brother to Alexander and Jewel, by Lot; dam by Rib, &c. At Newmarket in April, 1768, at 8st. 12lb. he beat Dulcinia, 8st. 7lb. B. C. 200gs.:—He was beat at York, and sold.

1764, Royal Forester, bought

representing the six horses running in this race, at the time of coming in, with just likenesses of their riders, viz. Charles Dawson, Leonard Jewison, William Golding, Michael Mason, John Singleton, and Robert Collins, all jockies of the first celebrity at that time:—Mr. Wentworth afterwards made a present of the painting to Mr. Hutchinson.

of Colonel Harvey, of Womersley, after being beat by Leith, at York, 1768:—He was got by Sampson; dam by Cade:—At York, 1769, he ran three fine heats against Diana, Calliope, and Plantagenet, (giving his year) for the King's plate, when he beat Diana for the first heat.—The above were the only times of his running whilst in the possession of Col. Harvey and Mr. Wentworth.—He was sold to Sir Joseph Pennington, and afterwards to the Hon. Francis Charteris; and won a plate at Leith, for which he was rode by Leonard Jewison.

1765, Carabineer, bought of Mr. Vevers; and got by Young Cade, out of Morwick-Ball's dam, by Traveller:—At York, 1771, he beat Lord Carlisle's Coquette, 9st. each, four miles, 500gs.; and in the same week, he won the free plate of 50l.:—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1772, at 9st. he beat Barbara, 8st. B. C. 500gs.:—In the Second Spring Meeting, he beat Gnawpost, 8st. 4lb. each, B. C. 500gs.; he also beat Ramjam, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 300gs.:—In the First Spring Meeting, 1773, at 8st. 7lb. he received forfeit from Mittimus, 8st. 2lb. B. C. 1000gs. h. ft.—And in the Second Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. he received 200gs. from Pauper, 7st. 11lb. B. C. 500gs. h. ft.—In 1774, he won 60l. at Newcastle, and 50l. at Richmond:—In 1775, he walked over for 50l. at Newcastle.—After which he was a stallion in Mr Cornforth's Stud.

1765, Don Antonio, bought of Mr. Morley; and got by the Godolphin Dimple:—At York, 1770, he beat Mr. C. Turner's Peregrine, four miles, 200gs.:—He was afterwards beat by Peregrine, which were the only times of his running in Mr. Wentworth's possession.

1765, Dunce, bought of the Hon. Francis Charteris; and got by Dunce, (a Son of Young Cade):—At York, 1770, at 8st. 12lb. he beat Mr. C. Turner's Peregrine, 8st. 7lb. four miles, 200gs..—He started only twice besides, whilst in the possession of Mr. Wentworth.

1765, Flimnap, bought of Sir John Moore, Bart.; and got by South, out of Florizel's dam, by Cygnet:—At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, (Saturday) 1769, at 8st. he beat Mr. C. Blake's Whirligig, 8st. 4lb. B. C. 200gs.:—On Monday after, at 9st. 3lb. he beat Whirligig, 9st. Ditch-in, 200gs.; an hour and a half after, at 6st. 10lb. he beat Whirligig, 6st. 5lb. Ditch-in, 500gs.:—After being beat by Holyhock at York, he was sold to Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

To be continued.

THE DEAD SHOT,

A Tale.

Continued from Vol. 34, Page 264.

IT is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed

indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat: a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box, another hat-box a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver that he was discovered, else it *is probable* that none of us would have seen the light of a new day. These moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot," said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we should have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one

of

of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep-laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one, and scatter the brains of another: how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind-mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! but the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance: two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the house, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitch-forks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but He who surveys and over-rules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and fluttered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspence was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and, in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their

 faces;

faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted, They found only four men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crouds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that

that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician, who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the Colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then, indeed, advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done: but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The Colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham: and Edward was made the Colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold-mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered; and retiring upon half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer: kind, generous, and openhearted, in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *long pack.*

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold gravel in the bowels of the earth.

CURIOUS RENCONTRE BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A BEAR.

From " Oriental Field Sports."

A Gentleman, who was proceeding post to Midnapore, found his *palankeen* suddenly put down, or rather dropped, without much ceremony or regard to its contents, by the bearers, who as abruptly took to their heels in various directions. On putting his head out, to ascertain the cause of so unpleasant a circumstance, the gentleman discovered a half-grown bear smelling about the machine.— Bruin no sooner saw the traveller, than he boldly entered at one side, and,

and, as the *palankeen* was of the old fashion, with an highly arched bamboo, he could not be opposed. The gentleman thought it necessary to relinquish his situation in favour of his shaggy visitor, who with as little ceremony as he had entered passed through, following the gentleman, with some very suspicious hints; such as barking and champing of the teeth. After some manœuvres on both sides, a close action commenced, in which either party at times might claim the victory.

The bearers had collected themselves on a high spot, whence they could have an excellent " bird's-eye view" of the battle; but whether from prudence, or impelled by curiosity to ascertain what would be the result of an engagement between an English gentleman and a Bengal bear, all kept aloof from the combatants. As the chances varied, so did the bearers express their approbation; applauding each as he seemed by his superiority to merit their plaudits. When the gentleman chanced to have the upper hand, they cheered him with " *sawbash saheb*," i. e. well done, master; and when the bear became lord of the ascendancy, they paid the just tribute to his exertions with " *sawbash bauloo*," i. e. well done, Mr. Bear. Now and then an interjectory *wau! wau!* expressive of the highest admiration, was uttered with no small emphasis, indiscriminately as it might in justice be merited by either party.

Fortunately the gentleman succeeded, and after receiving many desperate wounds, throttled the bear. When the contest was over, the bearers returned, and after overwhelming their master with compliments, bore him on his journey. On their arrival at the next stage, the bearers were all taken into custody, and the magistrate, according to the laudable custom prevalent in India, where offences are punished without very nicely examining the exact spot, and hour of perpetration, bestowed on each of the critics a hearty chastisement in the market-place; while the applauding crowd of spectators did not fail, at each turn of the instrument, to repeat " *sawbash saheb;*" and when pain induced the culprits to writhe, in hopes to evade the whip, others would ironically exclaim, " *sawbash bauloo.*"

HUNTSMAN AND WHIPPER-IN OF THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

Damages assessed against them in the Sheriff's Court, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1809, before —— Cator, Esq. Under Sheriff, and a Special Jury.

Ridge *against* Oldacre.

MR. Harrison stated, that the Jury were called upon in this case to assess damages betwixt Samuel Ridge, a farmer renting a considerable quantity of land in the neighbourhood of London, in an action against the defendant, who was huntsman to the Berkeley Hunt.

He had, he said, the honour of addressing a considerable number of the Jury upon a former occasion, in an action against Mr. Salter, one of the proprietors of the Hunt, and he had hoped that the result of that proceeding, and the verdict which was afterwards given at the last Hertford Assizes against the Hon. Mr. Capel, would have prevented the necessity of any other Jury being applied to for the purpose of awarding

awarding damages on the same subject.

It was necessary he should properly explain the reason the plaintiff, in defence of his own property, had deemed it necessary to institute this inquiry. Soon after the late verdict, the Berkeley hounds were carried to Tattersall's, apparently for the purpose of being sold. It however turned out, that they were bought in by one of the former proprietors, and then, before the leaves were off the trees, and before the hunting season generally commenced, the same persons who before composed the hunt, returned to their favourite diversion of pursuing foxes, and seemed determined to enjoy it, whatever damages might be the consequences of it. The Jury would be astonished to hear, that the plaintiff, in the course of a few years, sustained a loss of upwards of 300l. in consequence of the persons composing the Berkeley hunt continually riding over his land. The Learned Counsel proceeded to state, that the system of under-drainage, and the general nature of cultivation, in the neighbourhood of Edgwarebury, where the plaintiff resided, rendered hunting much more injurious to the farmer than probably it might be in other parts of the country.

He observed, that the Hunt was not now conducted as when it was under the management of Lord Berkeley or Lord Sefton: at those periods it was composed of persons who were themselves large proprietors—who studiously avoided doing any thing that was unsportsmanlike, or committing any trespass that was calculated to injure or annoy the farmers. The hunt was now conducted in a manner widely different. The day of turning out was advertised, a splendid dinner was provided to regale the hunters with afterwards, and the spot selected was in the immediate vicinity of London. The consequence was, that the Hunt, instead of being altogether composed of gentlemen of rank and fortune, who were known, and were competent to pay damages if they committed trespasses, was made up of a mixture of persons from London—horse-dealers, clerks, and people who, having no substance of their own out of which they could indemnify the farmer, laughed at the destruction they made, well knowing that the farmer would never consider it worth his while to seek indemnity from them. He should have no difficulty in proving, in aggravation of the case, that the defendant, who was huntsman to the former owners, was likewise huntsman to the present ones, and that his employers were determined to hunt, let the consequences be what they would. He trusted that the verdict would be such as would shew them, that the law laid down by a Learned Judge was not to be treated with contempt, or violated with impunity.

These facts were clearly proved by the evidence produced on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Aubert, the defendant's solicitor, in the absence of Mr. Marryatt, his Counsel, addressed the Jury with much ability and ingenuity, in mitigation of damages. The argument upon which he principally relied was, that the damages already recovered by the plaintiff amply compensated him for any injury he might have sustained; and he therefore trusted the damages, in the present instance, would be merely nominal.

There was another action against Cowley, the whipper-in; but as the

the circumstances and evidence were exactly the same as in the former case, it was agreed the two actions should be consolidated, that the verdict of the Jury should refer to both, and that the damages should be afterwards apportioned.

The Under Sheriff repeated the evidence, and accompanied it with a few observations.

The Jury consulted a short time, and assessed the damage at 60l. awarding 30l. to be paid by each defendant.

HUNTING THE PARIAH OR HOG DEER.

From the Bombay Courier, of the 14th April, 1809.

ON the afternoon of the 5th instant, the Bobbery Hunt having first drawn Crow's-nest Cover without success, found in Breach Village, and laid so well into their game, that, after various attempts to foil them, they obliged him to break cover, and tally-ho'd him over Broughton's-hill, in high style. Here a chosen few alone enjoyed the sport; for such was the ragged state of the country he took across, and so inclosed with high stone walls, that it almost palled the best sportsmen of the Hunt to keep him in view. After running away within a few yards of Hadow Lodge, he pushed for Pemberton's Copse; but being here headed by a *bandaree*, he went off again, and took towards the sea. It being low water, and the whole Hunt having now joined the chase, they dodged him for a considerable time amongst the rocks, and he at last laid himself down in a small cavity. The craft and the sagacity of this animal exceeded every thing that Hunt had before experienced; but the staunch Bobberies were not easily to be thrown out, and they stuck to the scent so well, that the game was soon roused again.

He now turned away to the right, and, skirting the sea shore to the very water's edge, endeavoured to regain the village they had first started him from. Here again, however, the Bobberies were too knowing for him, and obliged him to "hark forward." The echo of the horn, and the musical halloo of their well-known and excellent huntsman, attracted the surprise, and, if we may judge by appearances, the delight of an immense concourse of natives, who absolutely forsook, for a moment, their religious ceremonies at the Breach Pagoda, to partake of the joys of the chase. A party of gentlemen on a visit at the Breach-house, also viewed it, with evident extacy; and its present inhabitant, who is well known to all the Hunt, as an amateur of the sport, was seen to spring over the veranda wall, top the garden pales, and ascend the summit of the hill, where he halloo'd in a style that convinced them he was "charmed with the rattling thunder of the field." From this gentleman's long attachment to the sport and the Hunt, it was expected he would have joined the chase; but his politeness got the better of his inclination, or else he had not time to prepare his steed, so rapid and unexpected were *pariah's* motions from thence across the heavy flats to the other side of the island. Poor *pariah* finding it impossible to regain his old haunts, and, being closely pursued by the huntsman every inch of the craggy shore, found himself now either obliged to turn back, or cross an arm of the

the sea, which forms the small bay at the back of the Vallard. There was no time to hesitate, and soon was the gallant huntsman seen hard at his brush, pursuing him in the water, as true and as keenly as he had done on land. They gained the opposite shore nearly together, when, after several ineffectual attempts, in which *pariah* shewed wonderful sagacity, and doubled again and again to reach his native village, topp'd the Vallard in high style, and was cheered—ye gods, what a crash! — by the whole Hunt.

He now took across the muddy flat, and went off at a rate which convinced the Bobberies he was the proper stuff; for, before they could get round the swamp, some to the right, and some to the left of the Breach-lake, he was nearly out of sight. He was, however, once more fairly tally-ho'd, but such was the astonishing speed and bottom of their game, and such was the ground he now tried them upon, that their horses went panting and sobbing, and he was hard upon Phipps's-Oart before they could turn him again. He now made another most desperate attempt to re-cross the muddy flat, and, had he succeeded, he would, probably, have beaten the whole of this celebrated Hunt. But here, again, he was foiled; and, being turned, ran away, still apparently quite fresh, towards the race stand. He was, however, once more headed, and, after shewing some of the finest bursts of speed ever witnessed by the oldest members of the Hunt, submitted, at dusk, to have the tip of his ear taken off (the usual trophy), after which, he was affectionately caressed by the huntsman, admired and applauded by the whole Hunt, and left to his repose.

The Hunt afterwards repaired to the race-stand, where some of the members, who unfortunately could not join the chase, and were bewailing their hard fate over a glass of jumping-powder, greeted their *Brother Bobs* with a mug of beer. This *pariah* had often before been started by the Hunt, and was well known to them, from his crafty style of running, his size, strength, and fine sporting appearance, which had hitherto bid them defiance. The Hunt have resolved that his ear shall be placed in a conspicuous part of their hall, under the portrait of the *Father of the Hunt*, with a memorandum of the circumstances which entitle it to this distinguished honour.

SHRIKES, &c.

THE habit of transfixing and hanging up their prey is peculiar to the Shrikes, (*Lanii*, of Linnæus) and is very observable in the Collared species. Vaillant, in his travels in Africa, says,

"When this bird sees a locust, a mantis, or a small bird, it springs upon it; and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dextrous in this operation, that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between a division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by human means.—We need only watch this Shrike for a single minute in order to witness its ravages: and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find on every bush and tree the victims which it has trans-

transfixed, the major part of which are often so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct."

The bird called the *Paradise Grakle* is a native of India and the Philippine islands, and is said to be of a very voracious nature. It is particularly fond of locusts and grass-hoppers: on this head Buffon relates a curious anecdote:

"The island of Bourbon, where these birds were unknown, was overrun with locusts, which had unfortunately been introduced from Madagascar; their eggs having been imported in the soil with some plants which were brought from that island. In consequence of this, Mons. Deforges Boucher, governor-general of the isle of Bourbon, and Mons. de Poivre, the intendant, perceiving the desolation which was taking place, deliberated seriously on the means of extirpating the noxious insects: and for that purpose caused to be introduced into this island several pair of the Paradise Grakle from India. This plan promised to succeed; but unfortunately some of the colonists, observing the birds eagerly thrusting their bills into the earth of the new-sown fields, imagined that they were in quest of the grain, and reported that the birds, instead of proving beneficial, would, on the contrary, be highly detrimental to the country. The cause was considered in form. On the part of the birds it was argued, that they raked in the new-ploughed grounds not for sake of the grain, but the insects; and were therefore beneficial. They were however proscribed by the council; and in the space of two hours after the sentence was pronounced against them, not a Grakle was to be found in the island. This prompt execution was however followed by a speedy repentance: the locusts gained the ascendancy, and the people, who only view the present, regretted the loss of the Paradise Grakles. Mons. de Morave, consulting the inclination of the settlers, procured three or four of these birds eight years after the proscription. They were received with transports of joy. Their preservation and breeding were made a state affair: the laws held out protection to them, and the physicians on their part declared the flesh to be unwholesome. After so many powerful expedients for their welfare, the desired effect was produced: the Grakles multiplied, and the locusts were destroyed."

RATTLE SNAKE.

ON Tuesday, the 17th instant, a carpenter, who was employed to make a wooden cage for a rattle snake, in Piccadilly, while in the act of clenching one of the nails, the venomous animal bit him in the fore finger and thumb. The hammer fell from his hand, and his arm swelled in a short time after to an enormous size, the poison of the animal being so exceedingly subtle and potent, though the snake made but a very small and trifling mark with its teeth. The unfortunate man was removed to St. George's Hospital, in the most excruciating pain, and had the best medical advice, but the limb having been gangrened to the shoulder-bone, amputation was deemed of no avail, as the venom pervaded his wholesystem. Incisions were, however, made in the wounded arm to afford him a temporary relief, but he was seized with a vomiting, and expired.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A CURIOUS CASE,

Tried at the Chester Summer Assizes.—Lees v. Weaver.

THIS was an action of a nature so extremely singular, that we find some difficulty in describing it. It was an action of trover for a female, of the designation of Miss Rachael. If she had any other name, it certainly did not appear in the course of the cause. She was simply indicated as Miss Rachael.

Mr. Topping stated the cause to the jury with a considerable degree of humour. It appeared that a person of the name of Woodcock, claimed the exclusive right to this young creature. He had two other females, over whom he possessed so absolute a dominion, that it even extended to the right of selling them by auction, or by private contract, just as an African merchant would sell his slaves. Besides Rachael, he had a Miss Tidy, and no less a personage than Lady Williams. Rachael, Miss Tidy, and Lady Williams, had all seen their best days, but the two latter, particularly, were declining into the vale of life, and manifested unequivocal symptoms of sterility. Mr. Woodcock, therefore, determined to get rid of them all; and, with that view, agreeably to the custom of this country, he put halters round their necks, and carried them to the public market, just as the lower orders of people in London carry their wives for sale to Smithfield market. They were put to auction by Mr. Prince, an auctioneer, as celebrated in Cheshire as Mr. Burton is in Cheapside. Lady Williams was first offered for sale, but no one would have any thing to say to her; and even Rachael and Miss Tidy were bought in. The auctioneer finding the bidders had no spirit, bethought him of a very excellent expedient; he gave them a dinner, and plied them afterwards with a bottle of wine a-piece. He then remounted the *rostrum*, and Lady Williams, Miss Tidy, and Rachael, all sold high. The plaintiff purchased Rachael, the defendant had Lady Williams, and somebody else got Miss Tidy. The parties were conveying their respective purchases home, but, elated with the libations with which their auction had been accompanied, they stopped by the way, and renewed their devotions to the shrine of *Bacchus* so devoutly, that they neither of them knew Rachael from Miss Tidy, or either from Lady Williams. The result was, that the defendant, Mr. Weaver, who had bought Lady Williams, carried off Rachael, the lawfully-purchased property of Mr. Lees, the plaintiff. The defendant, even upon the return of reason and sobriety, was so well pleased with Rachael, that he refused to return her. The plaintiff was not willing to give up Rachael for Lady Williams; in fact, Lady Williams, within a very few days, met a premature death. She had the misfortune to be gored by a bull in the side. The defendant, however, refused to part with Rachael, and the present action was brought to recover the possession of her.—The witnesses for the plaintiff clearly proved that he had purchased Rachael,

Rachael, and that the defendant had afterwards eloped with her, leaving Lady Williams in her stead. The jury consequently, with hardly a moment's hesitation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

It appeared that Rachael, Miss Tidy, and Lady Williams, were *three cows*, of very ancient families, and all of them lineal descendants of *Io*.

A MEDICAL gentleman, who amuses himself with classifying diseases and deaths, places all the casualties of the whip under the head of *galloping* consumption.

TANDEMS and gigs, said a modern philosopher, are most wonderfully productive to surgeons and lawyers; for where they do not produce broken necks to gentlemen, they produce broken backs to tradesmen; and where they fail to fling the owner into a ditch, they are sure to send *him into the Gazette*.

NEW HORSE.—A gentleman was asking his friend how his new horse *answered*.—"Really," said the other, "I don't know, for I never put any question to him."

SYMPTOMS OF FRAUD.

"Selling off *without reserve*, going into another line of business."

"Selling off *at prime cost*, quitting business immediately."

"Selling off *under prime cost*, quitting business in a few days."

"Selling off at prime cost, quitting business. *The lease of the house to be sold*."

"Selling off under prime cost, quitting this line of business; the lease of the house to be sold, and the *premises to be cleared by the first of next month*."

"To be sold for the benefit of creditors, considerably under their original cost."

"Sale of *Bankrupts'* effects, to be disposed of without reserve, much under their first cost."

"To be sold for the *benefit* of creditors, the stock of this shop, which must be *cleared in one week*; the late proprietor having *run away* from his assignees."

"*Damaged* goods."

"*Cheap* days."

"*Cheap* bread."

To those of our readers who have *not* suffered by any of these alluring invitations, we present this amusing *assortment*, and leave the selection for being *gulled* to their own choice.

A WAG observed, that notwithstanding our sprigs of fashion are so fond of driving the *mail*, he believed, generally speaking, they are not *men of letters*.

WELL-BRED HORSES.—A person might imagine, from reading so much about "*well-bred horses*," that good manners were only to be acquired in a stable.

DROLL HEARING AT THE POLICE OFFICE, UNION-HALL.

A Knight of the Comb v. *the King of the Conjurors.*

A Knight of the Comb, who resides at New Cross, near Deptford, applied a few days since for a summons against *Mr. Ingleby*, the *soi-disant* King of the Conjurers, to recover the value of a number of *wigs*, of different patterns. When the cause was heard, the plaintiff stated, that he was sent for to operate on the chin of a Mr. Demee, master of the New Cross coffee-house, when knowing it to

be

be a well-accustomed house, he determined on making a trading excursion of it, and for that purpose packed up such an assortment of *scratches, Brutus's, bobs*, and *full bottoms*, as he thought would suit the fancy of every customer. He placed the box which contained them in the bar, and commenced his operation on the *chin* of the landlord. His progress, however, was soon suspended, by the sudden disappearance of his box of wigs, which *vanished* in such a manner, that he was sure the *devil* or a *conjurer* must have had a hand in it; and being informed, that a person who had just left the room was the famous king of the conjurers, he was inclined rather to give him the credit of being concerned than the *first*-mentioned *gentleman*. The wigs, however, by some means had found their way back to the right owner; and the defendant having answered the charge to the perfect satisfaction of the magistrate (Mr. Fish,) he dismissed the complaint, and advised the prosecutor, if he was not perfectly satisfied, to apply to his attorney, who would advise him how to proceed.

The plaintiff observed, he was not satisfied; he had great legal friends, and he would consult them. He made a *new wig* for Counsellor Garrow every year; that gentleman was greatly attached to him. He would apply to Mr. Garrow, who, he was sure, would give him good advice. The magistrate advised him to do so.

A Scotch doctor once pretended to have an infallible remedy against *death*, but on application of it to a patient, he failed of success: upon which he was asked, "Well doctor, what are we to do now?" "Why," says he, "we must have recourse, I think, to the *flannel waistcoat*."

An officer of the excise, stationed in the peak of Derbyshire, being very thirsty, called for a pint of ale at one of his landlady's, and finding it very small and weak, asked her where she bought her malt; she replied at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire; upon which he said, "I wish you had fetched your *water* as far."

When Lord —— sailed to Newfoundland, Mr. George Rook went with him as a volunteer. George was greatly addicted to lying, and my lord being very sensible of it, and very familiar with George, said to him one day, "I wonder you will not leave off this abominable custom of lying, George." "I can't help it," said the other. "Poh," said his lordship, "it may be done by degrees—suppose you begin by uttering *one* truth a day."

Joshua Barnes, the famous Greek Professor of Cambridge, had a most extensive *memory*, but his *judgment* was not so exact. When he died, one wrote for him—*Hic jacet, Joshua Barnes, felicissimæ memoriæ, expectans judicium*: viz. "Here lies J. B. of most happy *memory*, waiting for *judgment*."

The sportsmen in the West of England declare that the woodcocks have come in this season earlier than the oldest man remembers. This operates already as an alarming omen to other descriptions of the sporting world, who dread nothing so much as an *early* season for *long bills*.

Cornish

Cornish Lammy Pie.—The Cornish people, (says Mr. Warner, in his late tour) you know are remarkably fond of pies; indeed they have a proverb expressive of this partiality: "If a Cornish man were to catch the Devil, he would put him into a pie." A cockney traveller, who had a mind to see the world, strayed down as far as St. Ives in his tour. He entered a public house in the evening, and called for supper. "Have you any beef for a steak?" "No."—"Any veal for a cutlet?" "No."—"Any mutton for a chop?" "No."—"What no meat?" "No, an please your honour, except a nice lammy pie, which was baked to-day." The traveller, ravenous as the grave, licked his chops at the prospect of so nice a thing as a cold lamb pie, and ordered it up. Hunger was his sauce; he ate heartily, and relished his meal exceedingly. He passed the night in horrors, but had no idea that they arose from the indigestible quality of his supper till morning. "Well, Sir," said the hostler, seeing he was a stranger, "how did you like mistress's *lammy pie* last night?"—"Excellent," replied he; "it was the best lamb I ever tasted."—"Lord love ye!" returned John, "it was not that; *lammy pie* is not made of lamb!" "Why what the Devil was it, then?" exclaimed the horrified traveller. "Why our poor kiddy, to be sure!" returned the other, "which died yesterday of the shab!"—The above story reminds one of the host and the muleteer in a Spanish inn, where the latter says, "Methinks, mine host, the kid you gave us at supper had something of an unsavoury smell in it; it did, as it were, stink most abominably."—"I know not well how that could be, Signor, (replies mine host) for I have bestowed wondrous pains upon it these three weeks past to keep it sweet."

How to keep a Shirt clean.—In the course of the examination of a pawnbroker before a Magistrate in Worship-street, an Irish labourer, who was the complainant, stated, that he could not be mistaken respecting the matter in question, which was a shirt. "Why?" said the magistrate. "Because why, your worship! I takes it out of pawn every Saturday night."

"Take it out of pawn every Saturday night! What, then, my friend, do you pledge your shirt every week?"

"I do, your worship! I has but two, on and off, as we say."

"Well, but what induces you weekly to pawn one of them?"

"Why, *plase* your worship! I has no box to put it in; so when I gets my shirt washed at the beginning of the week, I takes it to the pawnbrokers, in order that when I fetches it out again on Saturday night, I may find it *clane* for Sunday."

The Gazette announces the bankruptcy of a publican named *Malt.* The public have long complained of the want of *malt* in the article called porter, and now *malt* has *hop'd* into the *Gazette.*

The Great-Coat and the Ladies—a travelling Anecdote.—A young gentleman riding towards Clapham, lately, during a blusterous gale of wind, enveloped in a very excellent *fear-nought surtout*, met three ladies returning to town in a one-horse chaise; and he (though the ladies were totally unknown to him), very *gallantly* rode up, and gave them

them his surtout for their shelter and protection; and then, like another Joseph, under the dread or influence of beauty, literally left his coat behind him,—telling the ladies his name, and where the coat should be sent on their arrival in town. But the fair damsels have not since been heard of!—and the gentleman, supposing in their hurry and confusion that his name and place of abode have been forgotten, has advertised the circumstance, reminding them of the compliment and circumstances; for though he professes due regard for the fair sex, he really does not like (except under special invitation) to be *non-suited* in their cause.

An Irish Paper, in announcing the next fair of *Ballinahoe*, gravely tells its readers that, "Lord Clancarty will give *grass* to his friends."—We presume, therefore, that his Lordship expects to be visited by a tribe of *horned* cattle.

A Horse-Cause.—Every one who has been in the habit of attending Courts of Judicature, may recollect that actions of this kind, before there was any Sporting Magazine to record them, were frequently tried before the late Lord Mansfield. Upon one of these occasions, when the noble and learned Judge was obliged to examine a question of horse warranty, it happened that the witnesses were pretty equally *pitted*. Half a dozen at least swore that the beast was sound when it was delivered, and about the same number deposed the contrary. Upon this *legal equilibrium*, Mr. Mingay, who was advocate for the plaintiff, observed, "there was nothing he delighted so much in as such causes when before a jury, because he had himself suffered so much from *horse-dealers*."

"And yet," said Lord Mansfield, very coolly, "I never, Mr. Mingay, recollect your making any one of the deceptions practised upon you the subject of an *action*."

"No, my Lord," replied Mr. Mingay, "I know better! I am very ready to conduct the actions of others to the best of my abilities; but I am, I hope, *too wise* to go to law *on my own account*."

The following notice was lately sent to a parish clerk in Hertfordshire:—"Mister ——— my wief is dede and wants to be berrid dig a griev for her and she shall cum and be berrid tomorrer at wun o clock, you knows ware to dig it, by my uther weif but let it be dip."

The English Giant and Lord Montford.—This nobleman was of a very diminutive size; but a very tall man under the former epithet, being exhibited, some years since, in Cockspur-street, all the world ran to see him, and among them, the witty Lord Montford escorted a part of ladies there. His Lordship's object was to shine: he was extremely brilliant; the subject elicited several good things; the ladies were in high spirits, the tall man himself laughed, and every one was pleased with the vivacity of the peer. When the curiosity of the company was satisfied, his Lordship approached the *giant*, to make him the proper compliment; he held out his money to him, but the other receded from his advances, and when Lord M. pressed the remuneration upon him, he said, "My Lord, it is impossible for me to take the fee for this exhibition, for I do assure your Lordship, if you consider me as a curiosity,

curiosity, I think you equally so; and if you have been gratified with a *sight of me*, I have been, if possible, still more entertained with having the honour and pleasure of *seeing you*."

A WITTY, but yet very profound critic, has lately endeavoured to persuade himself, that he has discovered something wondrously political disguised under the semblance of a treatise upon *Dancing*. The titles which Mr. Wilson has chosen for his dances in his *Terpsichore*; viz. "*Money in both Pockets*," he says, alludes, or we are mistaken, either to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or to a certain great contractor: his "*Cameronian Rant*" is rather too personal; nor need he have marked so officiously some late dissensions among his Majesty's servants by his "*Devil among the Tailors*," a dance which he thus describes—"Double figure—hey *contrary side*—hey of *your own side*—down the middle—up again—allemande, and *turn corners*." At the same exalted characters he jeers, by whispering "*Go to the Devil and shake yourself*;" and this, too, he says, is a "*double figure*—half right and left—down the middle—up again—allemande—*swing* corners—and lead outsides."—*Leading outsides* may be well enough; but as to the *swinging*, we hope that movement may be dispensed with, and something else be substituted to finish this *political* dance.

But Mr. Wilson has also taken the liberty to propose hornpipes for Lord Gambier, Lord St. Vincent, &c. — Lord St. Vincent's hornpipe! while his Lordship would be glad if the gout would leave him a leg to stand on.—And to say the truth, the ladies themselves are not spared by the modern Juvenal: it is plain he censures their scanty cloathing by his "*Long* life to the petticoat"—and to the wearers of it, say we: but then *another breadth*, ladies, by all means.—There are other mysteries and revelations in *The Treasures of Terpsichore*, which none can express better than Mr. Wilson.

A TRAVELLER from Yorkshire, lately waited upon a Scotchman at Aberdeen, for "money and orders;" the latter he got, but Sawney informed him he should have the former remitted him to Berwick upon Tweed, if he would inform him what inn he put up at, which the traveller told him was the Hen-and-Chickens. The Scotchman was as good as his word, for on the traveller arriving there, he found a letter for him with the needful, bearing the following superscription:—"To Geordie Wilson, a Yorkshire codger cheildie, rides a grey rat-tailed beastie, wi' a pair o' muckle walies, puts up at the Hen-and-Birdies, Berwick upon Tweed. —An' if he's not there he's awa South."

A GENTLEMAN of a thinking turn relates, that being once accosted by a beggar woman, whom he found better informed upon religious subjects than such persons generally are, he reminded her of what David had said in Psalm 37; viz. "that he never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread;" to which she replied, "It is true, Sir, the Psalmist did say so; nevertheless he himself was compelled to *beg the shew-bread* of Abimelech." The gentleman afterwards owned he had carried the application of the rule too far, and relieved the woman.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Duke of Hamilton's Middlethorpe has been sold to Sir C. Turner for 1500gs. and Sir M. Sykes's Sir Petronell to Mr. Wheatley, for 1000gs.

Coursing.—At the last Malton Meeting, we understand, the following regulation was proposed and agreed to unanimously:—That each member of the Club should subscribe one guinea to the Cup, and they who name a dog to pay two. That then the greyhounds named should have their names put into a hat, and drawn out in pairs to run together. This to be done on Monday evening. On Tuesday the *Cup Dogs* to be run against each other, two and two.

If an odd number of dogs should appear, then the three last names left in the hat to start together, and the same to take place should there be three winners of classes ultimately for the cup.

On the Thursday, the winners of the classes to be run against each other, till the whole are run up; and on the Friday, the remaining winners, be they two or three, as may happen, to start for the cup.

This regulation appeared to all the members present to have these advantages:—A cup of value will be obtained at an expence not larger to any member than a common match; that every one will stand a fair chance for it, and may win it; that really the best dog will in all probability obtain it; that the unsportsmanlike custom of running a number of dogs at one hare will be avoided; and that thus an interest will be kept alive the whole meeting.

Fox-Hunting.—On Saturday, the 14th instant, Major Cooke's fox-hounds met at Kelvedon Park, near Ongar, Essex, for the first day's hunting this season. At ten o'clock the hounds were thrown into cover, but not finding, they left the Park, and went to Puckler's Wood, where, after chopping a cub in cover, they unkennelled an old fox, which they ran for an hour and three quarters, and killed. But the death was rather remarkable; the fox being hard pressed, was killed in endeavouring to cross Ongar river, when two gentlemen who were riding for the brush, immediately left their horses, and plunged into the river, where struggling together a considerable time for the brush, with the whole pack about them tearing the fox, one at length succeeded in cutting it off, and the fox immediately sunk. The Major, a little vexed that the hounds should be deprived of their prey, one of the gentlemen who had been in the water plunged in again and succeeded in getting the fox from the bottom, and it was given to the hounds. Such desperate riding has seldom before been witnessed in Essex.

Harriers. — Mr. Chapman's hounds met at nine o'clock, the 16th instant, near Croydon. A large field of sportsmen were assembled near the spot at an early hour.—The first of the day did not afford much sport, but towards the afternoon they started a fine hare, which went off in great style; they

they ran her for two hours and a half, when Mr. Chapman ordered the hounds to be called off.—We know what a *fox-hunter's* observations would be on this last-mentioned article:—it is our business to *record*, and not always to *comment.*

Extraordinary Chase.—— Last month, a whimsical scene took place in Hyde Park, occasioned by the sudden appearance of a hare, between the Serpentine River and the Barracks. As soon as the animal appeared, a general shout took place among the persons who were parading on the walk. Immediately all ranks, old and young, beaux and belles, joined in the chase, and poor puss, finding a retreat impossible, took to the river. But the alarm spread to the other side, and before she came near the shore, numbers were ready to receive her. At length being afraid to attempt a landing, and almost exhausted by terror and fatigue, she seemed to be drowning, when a boy dashed in and seized her. A gentleman immediately released her from pain by killing her, and, giving the boy half a crown, bore away his prize.

Single-stick.—The amateurs of Single-stick assembled on Monday, the 2d inst. at Alresford, in considerable numbers, in consequence of the play announced for that day. The players were four of Hants and five of Wilts. Coleman, of Wilts, broke Newlyn's head, of Hants; Harris, of Hants, then opposed Coleman, and handled him so smartly that he was obliged to quit the stage: this gained Harris a head. Flowers then encountered Harris, and after one hour and a half severe play, Harris lost his head, as did Hawksby, of Hants. Michael, a Hampshire man, next took the stage, opposed to a Wiltshire man (name not known) and broke his head, after some very severe play. Carter, a Wiltshire man, next played Michael, to whom Carter lost his head also; Ellis, of Wilts, having gained two heads, the tyers then commenced; from some circumstances Flower gave way; Ellis, of Wilts, contested the ties with Michael, and carried the first prize of 20 guineas, Michael the second, so that the prizes were divided between Wilts and Hants.

It is to be observed, that Ellis had, from his superior play, but little to contend with from the two players whose heads he first broke, being both truly novices; and was of course a *fresh player* opposed to Michael, who had experienced some very hard play from his two first opponents, and for want of practice, Michael is not a good match for Ellis. However, from what the Hampshire men already know, something is to be expected from them another year. In the evening a large subscription was made to establish an annual display of this manly sport.

Great play was expected at Yarnborough Castle Fair, on Wednesday, the 4th inst. but the expectation was not realised, the players being unequally matched. In playing off the tyes, an unexpected event occurred, by which the renowned gamester Maslen missed obtaining the prize: he had only one head to gain, and it fell to the lot of a young gamester to contest it with him. Maslen set to with great confidence, sharply *touching up* the right arm of his antagonist, to disable his guard; but the young gamester put in a

hit

hit behind Maslen's ear, which occasioned the blood to spin copiously, and thus for that day crushed the pretensions of the crack man.

Notwithstanding the statement in our last Magazine, page 292, a true bill was found by the Grand Jury, at the late Middlesex Sessions, against seven men, of the names of Nelson, Jones, Walker, Best, Jenkins, Pollett, and Fenix, for a conspiracy, in cheating and defrauding Mr. Jones, of Chenies-street, in a foot race, lately, at Epsom Downs, run by Jones and Pollett, two of the defendants, whereby he was induced to put down one hundred guineas, and give a note for 230l. and sign another instrument, amounting to 430l. The defendant, Nelson, was the stake-holder. The wager was for one thousand guineas, which was won by Pollett.

Royal Tigress.—*Province of Kaira, East Indies, Feb.* 20, 1809.—An extraordinary presence of mind and courage was, on the 13th inst. evinced by a cultivator of this province, in awaiting to receive the attack of a Royal Tigress, which terminated in the death of the furious animal.

Veljee Patell, an inhabitant of Mahonoodabad, in the vicinity of Kaira, about noon of the above-mentioned date, whilst working in his cotton field, perceived the tigress to be approaching him in an attitude that convinced Veljee of the animal's desire to destroy him; and, as he was aware, from the nature of his situation, that he could not escape, he made preparations to receive her. The tigress springing on this undaunted cultivator, he held out his left arm to oppose her—whilst, with his right, uplifting a korand, or small hatchet, his premeditated blow was so correctly delivered between the ears of the animal, and with such force opposed to the velocity with which the tigress advanced, that it occasioned her immediate death.

Veljee Patell, who had his left wrist much lacerated, appeared to our correspondent, and the skin of the animal was seen by several gentlemen at the station. Independent of the gratitude which the man appeared to feel for his providential rescue from so terrific an animal, he expressed much thankfulness for the munificent reward of the Honourable Company, bestowed on him and all who prove the destroyers of beasts of prey, and particularly merited by coolness and bravery being displayed, as in the case now instanced.

On the 14th ult. Mr. Edmunds, of Copistone Water Head, in the county of Lancaster, in company with a friend on a tour over the mountains, shot an eagle flying, a little below the black lead mines, and very near to Seathwaite, in Borrowdale, Cumberland, which measures across, when the wings are extended, five feet and a half. An eagle has not, it seems, been seen in that country for thirty years before, and this not having been previously observed by any one there, is supposed to have very recently come. It is of the genus of the *falco hyliætus*, and known in the mountains of Scotland and Ireland, as the sea eagle or osprey.—Mr. E. has caused it to be properly preserved.

The middle of the present month exhibited all the prognostics of a long and severe winter on the coast of Cornwall. The first flight of woodcocks which usually visit it in November, are already arrived.—

 There

There have been several sold in Truro market; and in the eastern parts of Cornwall, we are informed, they have become plentiful.—The easterly gale has already brought starlings, snipes, wild-ducks, and widgeons; several flocks of the latter have been observed on Falmouth and Truro rivers. Yet the swallows have not entirely disappeared.

Thomas Osbourn, of Witham on the Hill, Lincolnshire, was convicted this month, in the penalty of 20l. for shooting a pheasant on a Sunday.

On Thursday, the 12th instant, Wm. Brice, of Lenham, Kent, farmer, was fined in the mitigated penalty of ten pounds and costs, for sporting without having taken out a certificate.

At the sessions for the county of Norfolk, held there on Tuesday, the 17th inst. Joseph Hill and John Scott were sentenced to six and four months imprisonment in Swaffham Bridewell, for poaching, and violently assaulting J. Brighton, gamekeeper to Wm. Bagge, Esq.

On Monday, the 9th inst. Mr. Horton, jun. of the Noah's Ark Inn, Wolverhampton, was drowned in the river Penk, near Stafford.—He was on a shooting party, by the river side, near Rickerscote, when one of the party having killed a duck on the other side of the river, and the dog refusing to fetch it, he jumped in with his clothes on, and swam across after it. On his return, he cried out for help twice, and then sunk in the stream.

On Monday, the 16th inst. as Mr. W. Tombs and Mr. T. Barr were shooting together at Leechlade, near Bath, Mr. Barr's foot struck against the stump of a tree; by the shock his gun exploded, and the contents passing through the body of Mr. Tombs, deprived him of his life instantly. The deceased has left a widow pregnant, and four small children. Mr. Barr has been almost frantic ever since, as they were intimate friends.

On Monday, the 26th ult. Jos. Crasweller, a boy about fifteen years of age, caught a hawk at Hayling Island, Hampshire, which, as is the custom in the country, he was shewing about at the houses, to obtain a trifling reward, for having freed the inhabitants of a foe which is so destructive to their poultry, &c.—George Colebrook, another lad, of about the same age, of a passionate malicious temper, forcibly attempted to take the bird away from him; and after knocking him down, he knelt upon him with such violence, that Crasweller died in two hours afterwards.—Coroner's verdict—*Manslaughter*.

A few days since, as a young pregnant woman, wife of a wheelwright, at Horsham, was gathering nuts in the neighbourhood of Lewes, she was bitten on one of her legs, a little above the foot, by an adder; and with difficulty she avoided the poisonous fangs of another, which pursued her some distance across the field. The poor woman, with her companion, another woman, immediately set off for their homes, a distance of about two miles; but, before they had proceeded half the way, the venom of the reptile had so generally affected the wounded female, that she could proceed no farther; and the other woman went to the town, and provided a cart, in which her unfortunate companion was con-

veyed

veyed home, but in such a swoln and inflamed state, that doubts were for some time entertained of her recovery; she, however, by proper surgical assistance, and after having miscarried, is now declared convalescent.—There is a vulgar notion among the peasantry, that if twenty persons were present at the time an adder is irritated, and one of the twenty only was in a pregnant state, that that one alone would be bitten by the reptile! Of the truth or fallacy of this opinion, we will leave our readers to determine.

A gentleman of the name of Hayes, whose residence is at Sedley Common, in Surrey, was shockingly mangled by a favourite Newfoundland dog, on Tuesday night, the 17th inst. insomuch that his life is despaired of. The family were alarmed by the howlings of the dog in the back yard, and Mr. Hayes, on going down, discovered that he had entangled his neck and back with a chain which fastened him up. The moment he extricated him, the dog seized him by the thigh, and bit through his hold, when he again flew at him and seized him by the neck. In this situation, a man who slept in the house, came to the assistance of Mr. Hayes, but the dog could not be made to loosen his hold, until he was killed. Mr. Hayes is not expected to recover.

Foot-Race.—A grand foot race took place on Tuesday, September 26th, at Thorpe, in Hampshire, between the celebrated Mr. Downes and the no less renowned Mr. Aiken. The match was, who should perform the greater distance in forty-eight hours, and betting was in favour of the former. The pedestrians started together at the extremities of a piece of ground of five miles, and met each other. Mr. Downes did ninety miles the first day, and took two hours rest; his adversary did eighty-eight miles, and only had one hour to rest.—On the second day, Downes had done seventy-two miles, and had five hours to spare; and Aiken had only done fifty-six in the same time. The latter therefore resigned.

Mr. O'Callaghan, who was matched last June to go ten miles within an hour, started to perform it the middle of this month. The ground fixed upon was the mile near the village of Kilburn, on the Edgeware-road; betting five to four against him. Mr. O'C. however, ran the distance in fifty-eight minutes and forty-seven seconds.

On Friday, September the 29th, a person named Thompson, a shoemaker in the Borough, nearly sixty years of age, undertook to walk fifteen miles in three hours, for a wager of five guineas. The place this venerable pedestrian chose for deciding the bet, was on the Clapham road. He started at six o'clock in the morning, walked one mile out and one mile in till he peformed his task, which he did with ease twenty minutes within the time allowed him.

On Monday, the 2d, at six o'clock, a pitched battle was fought in a field near the Sir George Whitmore's Head, Hoxton, between a brick-moulder of the name of Lovekin, and a carter, named Martin, for five guineas a side; they are stout men, and fought with equal courage and resolution for upwards of fifty minutes, during which several knock-down blows were exchanged on both sides, when at length Lovekin gave his antagonist an unlucky blow on the left side

of

of the head, which laid him senseless on the ground, not able to rise, and Lovekin was declared victor. They were taken home to their lodgings at Kingsland by their respective friends.

SOUTHAMPTON RACES.—These races commenced on Thursday, the 5th instant. The town cup of 50l. was won by Littleton, who walked over the course. On Friday, the subscription cup was also walked over for by Bucephalus. A sweepstakes was well contested, three heats, and won by Silversides. A poney race succeeded, which afforded much sport, and was won by a bay poney from Basingstoke. The noted roan was shamefully beaten, though he was formerly backed against all England. The stewards of the races patronised a play on the evening of the first day, and there was also a subscription ball and supper at the Long Rooms. The weather proved favourable. There was not much sport on the first day, but on the second the company were gratified.

A FEW days since, an affair of honour took place near Chalk Farm, between two journeymen in the employ of Messrs. Broadwood and Co. piano-forte makers, which originated in a dispute the preceding evening, respecting the tuning of an instrument. At an early hour the parties met, attended by their seconds, at the bottom of Primrose Hill, when, after exchanging two shots, one of the combatants either supposing himself wounded, or apprehending the consequence of a third fire, dropped down.— Some labourers, whom the reports of the pistol had attracted, coming up at the time, and his adversary taking them for officers of Police, made his escape, and has not since been heard of.

DUELLING.—On Saturday, September 30th, the Hon. Augustus Barry and Mr. Carter were brought to the Public Office, Bow-street, in the custody of Anthony, and other Officers, before Mr. Graham, upon cross peace warrants.

The Magistrate heard Mr. Barry's charge first :—He stated, that on the Thursday evening previous he met Mr. Carter, who held up his fist in a menacing manner, and threatened to strike him; but he candidly admitted that he first accosted Mr. Carter, and called him opprobrious names.

Mr. Graham discharged the warrant, and then heard Mr. Carter's charge against Mr. Barry. Mr. Carter stated, that a short time since he had a difference with him; the consequence was, a certain French Nobleman called upon him with a letter from Mr. Barry, but having made up his mind to have nothing more to do with Mr. Barry, he did not open the letter; he therefore did not know the contents, but suspected it contained a challenge. A few days after that, Mr. Catmer, who was walking with Mr. Barry when he met him on the Thursday above-mentioned, called upon him, and delivered to him a message from Mr. Barry, which amounted to a challenge, to which he gave a similar answer as to the letter, being determined not to have any thing more to do with him. On the Thursday evening, when he met Mr. Barry in company with Mr. Catmer, in the neighbourhood of Portland-place, he addressed him by asking if his name was not Carter? Mr. C. replied, he knew it was very well. Mr. Barry then called him a rascal,

and made use of other opprobrious names towards him; Mr. Carter observed, that if he had not been disabled by a late fall from his horse (his arm being then tied up), he would thrash him; upon which Mr. Barry took a stick from his friend Mr. Catmer, and held it up to Mr. Carter, but no blows were given by either party. Mr. Barry, however, went and knocked at the door of Mr. Jackson, who resided on the spot, and made use of some very abusive language against Mr. Carter.

Mr. Graham took a view of all the circumstances, and said, he considered Mr. Barry the aggressor, in not only sending the challenge, but in pursuing Mr. Carter with violence; he should therefore hold Mr. Barry to bail, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each.

Two ruffians, named George Cribb and John Thornton, both of pugilistic notoriety, were on the 13th instant, brought before the Sitting Magistrate at Guildhall, on a charge exhibited against them by two gentlemen, the one named Young, residing in Bell's Buildings, Fleet-street; and the other named Baines, an Officer belonging to the Perseus man of war, off Woolwich, for a violent and unprovoked assault on the preceding night, on Blackfriar's bridge. It appeared from the gentlemen's statement that they were returning from the Circus, when they were met by the prisoners, who affected to be intoxicated, and rushed against them. —Mr. Young remonstrated with them for their brutal conduct, when they both assumed scientific postures and struck at the two friends, who, from want of skill, were shortly beaten in the most dreadful manner. They at length succeeded in securing the prisoners, and with the assistance of a watchman and some passengers, conveyed them to the watchhouse. The Magistrate committed them till they could find bail to answer for the assault at the Sessions.

Singular Compact.—At Dumfries, on Monday, the 9th instant, a cause of some interest was decided in the Justice of Peace Court, Smith *v.* Wilson, to recover ten shillings and sixpence, as reward of capture. The defendant is a fruit-dealer and gardener, and had bought the fruit in a gentleman's orchard in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. Having occasion for a person to watch the fruit, he offered six shillings per week and victuals, with a premium of one guinea for every one he shot to death, and ten shillings and sixpence for every one wounded and made prisoner, while in the act of robbing the orchard. The prisoner, elated with the hope of gain, engaged, with heroic ardour, faithfully to perform the sanguinary bargain, reckoning upon the reward, if fortunate, at the end of his servitude. Upon giving in the list to the Commander in Chief, it appeared he had killed none, nor wounded any, but had made one prisoner, for which he demanded half a guinea. The defendant admitting that the agreement was as has been represented, the Court decided against Wilson, in favour of Smith, half a guinea with costs. The magistrates, much to their honour, advised both parties never to make any such *bloody bargains* for the future.

Odd Fellows.—On Monday, the 2d instant, at Union-hall, Jas. Bartlet, William Wilkins, Thomas Roat, Thomas Bartlet, John Bartlet,

let, and John Martain, members of a society of Odd Fellows, were charged with violently assaulting and beating John Macgowan. It appeared that the lodge met at a public house called the Jamaica Coffee-house, in the Borough, on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult. when the plaintiff attended, for the purpose of being introduced into the club; but to qualify him for admission, it was necessary he should be initiated in certain secrets and mysteries peculiar to the society; and preparatory to this, Bartlet, one of the defendants, betted a sum of money that he would lift three of the heaviest men in the room at once, and the plaintiff being short and punchy, was selected as one of the three: the three men, for the convenience of the one who was to lift them, were ordered to lay themselves at length on the table. Accordingly two of them laid down first, and the plaintiff being previously ordered to pull off his coat, was directed to stretch himself at his length, with his face downwards, on the top of them. The farce then began: his two companions seized him, one by the head and the other by the feet, and the rest of these *comical fellows* proceeded to beat him most unmercifully, with pieces of rope, knotted handkerchiefs, &c. the poor fellow being all this time confined in such a manner that he could not perceive who struck him. Two of the members, however, who were not so *funny* as the rest, did not approve of the *sport*, and by their evidence the defendants were all convicted. The Magistrate, Mr. Fish, observed, that this was a most outrageous and unprovoked assault; and unless they could find means to satisfy the prosecutor, he should commit them all for trial. On retiring with the plaintiff, they accommodated the matter by agreeing to pay him ten pounds.

Love and Wine.—The house of Mr. Hart, the Counsel, in Harper-street, has for some time past been plundered of many articles, particularly of that inestimable article, so much in request with *bon vivants*, called *old port!* Suspicion at length fell upon Maria Smith, cook to the Counsel, and information was accordingly sent to the Police Office, Hatton Garden. The Magistrates dispatched Trott, a very active and intelligent officer, to the premises, who was satisfied that the cook knew something of the thefts.—However, he lay *perdue*, until he could get into his power an associate of her's, named Richard Radley. The opportunity offered on Sunday morning, the 15th instant, when Trott, having gained admittance, *trotted* up stairs, and found the melting cook-maid fast locked in the arms of Radley, little dreaming of the dire mischance that was about to befall her. The summons of Trott to arise had an instantaneous effect upon the *lovers*, who were marched under his banners, and manacled, not with the *chains of Hymen*, but with the fetters of felony. On the Monday following they underwent an examination.—The cook, it appeared, had been so lavish of her master's wine, in order to inspire the unfortunate Radley, that she had nearly emptied a large barrel, in the course of their *nocturnal orgies*, recollecting, with Macheath, that

"'Tis *Wine* that inspires us and fires us
"With courage, *love*, and joy."

They were remanded for another examination.

NEW-

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

To be given at full in our next Racing Calendar.

MONDAY, Oct. 16th.—D. of Rutland's Volucris, beat Sir B. Graham's Saragossa, 100gs. 7 to 4 agst Volucris.—D. of Rutland's Salvator, beat General Grosvenor's Trump, 200gs. 13 to 8 on Salvator.—Sir C. Bunbury's Fair Star, beat Lord Lowther's Tot, 100gs. 3 to 1 on Fair Star.—Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, beat Mr. Shakespeare's Zodiac, 100gs. 3 to 1 on Eaton.—Lord Lowther's Yellow Hammer, beat Sir C. Turner's Middlethorpe, 200gs. 7 to 4 agst Yellow Hammer. — Lord Grosvenor's Plover, beat Mr. Shakespeare's Sir David, 100gs. 2 to 1 agst Plover.—One-third of a subscription of 25gs. each, was won by Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, aged, beating Mr. Lake's Nymphina, 5 yrs old, and Mr. Kellermann's L'Huile de Venus, 5 yrs old (broke down). Even betting.

Tuesday, Mr. Lake's Miss Manager, beat Mr. Batson's Knavery, 50gs. 7 to 4 agst Miss Manager. — Lord Sackville's Deceiver, beat Mr. Shakespeare's Harpocrates, 100gs. 6 to 5 on Deceiver.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. was won by Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Sorcerer, beating Mr. Wilson's c. by Expectation. 5 to 2 on the winner.—50l. for 2 yr olds, was won by D. of Grafton's f. by Waxy, beating Lord Grosvenor's Jubilee, and 9 others. 4 to 1 agst the winner.—Mr. Craven's Brandenburgh, beat Mr. W. Butler's Non-descript, 50gs. 2 to 1 on Brandenburgh. — Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen, beat Mr. Payne's Bulrush, 100gs. 7 to 4 agst Hymen. — Lord Sackville's Bustard, beat Mr. Andrew's Thorn, 200gs. 7 to 4 on Bustard.—D. of Grafton's Miltonia, beat Mr. Craven's Black Diamond, 100gs. 11 to 8 on Miltonia.

Wednesday, Sir C. Turner's Merry Andrew, beat Mr. Howorth's Sock, 25gs. 7 to 4 on Merry Andrew.—The town plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Sir C. Turner's Guardy, 4 yrs old, beating Mr. Williams's Gift, 4 yrs old, Mr. Bacon's Patriot, 4 yrs old, and 4 others. 6 to 1 agst Guardy, 7 to 4 agst Patriot.—The first class of the Oatland stakes of 30gs. each, was won by Mr. Batson's Cecilia, 4 yrs old, beating Lord Jersey's Langton, and 3 others. 6 to 1 agst Cecilia, 6 to 4 on Langton.

Thursday, Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen beat D. of Grafton's Vanity. Two-yr-old C. 100gs.—Sir J. Shelley's Vexation beat Mr. Craven's Brandenburgh, Y. C. 50gs. — Lord Lowther's Yellow Hammer won the second class of the Oatland Stakes.—The D. of Grafton's Morel won a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, D. M.

Friday, The third class of the Oatland Stakes of 30gs. each, D. M. was won by Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, beating Sir C. Turner's Mr. Gundy, and Mr. T. C. Browne's M'George. — General Grosvenor's Trump, 8st. beat Lord Foley's Agnes, 8st. 10lb. Two-yr-old C. 100gs.—Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, 9st. 13lb. beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Podagra, 7st. First half of Ab. M. 200gs.—Sir J. Shelley's Fanny, 8st. 4lb. beat Gen. Grosvenor's Trump, 7st. D. M. 50gs.—The D. of Grafton's f. by Waxy, 8st. beat Sir C. Turner's Merry Andrew, 8st. 7lb. Two-yr-old C. 100gs.—Lord Foley's Illumination, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Lloyd's Puck, 8st. 6lb. R. M. 200gs. — Major Wilson's Juniper, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr.

Mr. Shakespeare's Harpocrates, 8st. 12lb. Across the Flat, 100gs.—Lord Sackville's Deceiver, 7st. 12lb. beat Mr. Shakespeare's Zodiac, 8st. 13lb. Two-yr-old Course, 100gs.

COVENT-GARDEN NEW THEATRE.

THE violent opposition made to the advance of prices for admission into the boxes and pit of the new Theatre; viz. 7s. to the boxes and 4s. to the pit, instead of 6s. and 3s. 6d. as formerly, is a subject that has been progressively detailed in the diurnal prints. Not a night, since the opening of the Theatre, has been free from confusion, noise, and tumult. It, however, falls not within our province to describe the events that have arisen out of the contest: suffice it for us to observe, that in this trial of skill between the persons hostile to the new prices and the managers, the most disgraceful scenes of riot and disorder, with innumerable breaches of the peace, have taken place, and this leads us to lament *that any institution should exist in this country, so undefined in its rights, as even to admit of the idea, that the people have it in their power to take the law into their own hands.*

It has been alledged against the managers, that at one period of the disturbances in the Theatre, they gave orders of admission, to be distributed among Jews, fighters, &c. —And why not? If, say the managers, you assail us in our avocations, and destroy our property, are we not to resist, and defend ourselves? if you send a devil to torment us, why may we not procure another devil, or a Jew, or a peace-officer, to torment you? This part of the subject comes a little within our purview, as it introduces the name of a once celebrated pugilist; and which has come before the public by insertion in two Morning Papers.

To the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre.

GENTLEMEN—I observe by this day's papers, that a person named Andrews, whom I have for some time employed, was taken up for distributing hand-bills in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden (given him by an unknown person), charging the Managers of Covent Garden with furnishing Mendoza, the fighting Jew, with orders, &c.

I by no means wish to defend Andrews, as I am an enemy to all anonymous attacks; but as far as relates to Mendoza, I must remark, that I saw him myself, and can bring twenty respectable persons (who also saw him) to prove, that Mendoza has for several days past distributed a considerable number of Free Admissions* to Covent Garden Theatre, to such persons as were more likely to break than keep the peace.—I remain, &c. &c.

T. BISH.

4, Cornhill, Oct. 11.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR—In answer to Mr. Bish's letter, which has appeared in some of the Newspapers, I have only to observe, that had I taken any part in the contest at Covent-Garden Theatre, I should not have felt any regret. I have a right to express my opinion *on any subject*, as well as *any other man*. I therefore treat his observations with contempt, and

* The names signed to the orders shall, if required, be made known.

shall

shall merely recommend him to devote his attention to distribute his bills and get rid of his lottery tickets instead of interfering in my concerns. I never interfere in the concerns of any man, nor is it my wish to intrude upon the public by giving a statement (which if I were inclined I could) of the manner in which some men have risen to their present greatness.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. MENDOZA.

Royal Oak, Whitechapel,
Oct. 18, 1809.

P. S. Since writing the above I thought proper to make the following affidavit, which I request of you to insert, though I have reason to suppose that my bare word would be taken as soon as Mr. Bish's, although not so rich as he is, and which is not at all surprising, as he has of late years had so many *chances* in his favour; but fortune is fickle, which Mr. Bish knows, and the *wheel may take another turn!* D. M.

AFFIDAVIT.

Middlesex.—Daniel Mendoza, of Whitechapel-road, in the county of Middlesex, publican, maketh oath, and saith, that he, this deponent, never received from Mr. Harris, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Brandon, or from any of the proprietors of the new Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, or from any person or persons connected or interested in the property or concerns of the said Theatre, any order or orders, ticket or tickets of admission, to the said Theatre of Covent Garden; and he, this deponent, further maketh oath and saith, that he hath not been inside of the new Theatre, Covent Garden, ever since its opening. And he, this deponent, further maketh oath, and saith, that he never received any orders of admission from any person or persons whatever, for the purpose of distributing them to persons to go to the Theatre aforesaid, to create any riot, or otherwise to take any active part in the contest now pending between the managers and proprietors aforesaid, and the public.

D. MENDOZA.

Sworn at the Public Office, Whitechapel, this 18th day of October, 1809, before me,

R. DAVIES.

We are glad to observe that the disturbances are at length dying away, for on Saturday night, October 28, the play and farce were both heard out. A number of persons have been indicted at the Westminster Quarter Sessions for riots at the Theatre, and bills found against sixteen of them; bills preferred against twenty-three others, were rejected.

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN,

Against the Cheats of Coachmen, Grooms, and Stable-Keepers.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is an act of cruelty in daily practice against that noble animal the horse, which equals any of the "cruelties to animals," lately mentioned. I allude to the well-known contrivances of coachmen, grooms, and stable-keepers, to cheat him of his corn. Sir, it is not one gentleman in a hundred who knows or notices when his horses are in condition, and when they are not. They are called upon in cold or rain, early and late, to do the most laborious work; and their coat and appearance discover how unequal the feed

feed is to the labour they undergo. It is a very true saying, "that the coachman drinks what the horse ought to eat;" and this practice is become so general, that unless the stable-keeper is known among servants to allow something handsome to the coachman or groom, the latter will persuade his master not to use his stables. It is very customary at watering places, to stand what is called private; that is, to hire the stable and find your own corn, &c. but in this case you must consent to buy the hay and corn of the stable-keeper. The following prices have been charged this year at Brighton—hay 7l. 10s. per ton, or 3s. 6d. per truss—corn 2l. 6s. per quarter—straw 3l. 3s. per ton—beans 4l. 4s. per ton—standing for each horse 2s. 6d. per week; ditto, for carriage—oil and grease, 2s. per week, which amounts, allowing a peck a-day to each horse, to 2l. 8s. per week, whereas the customary charge at livery is never more than 1l. 4s. for four feeds; and by a proper agreement to no more than 1l. 1s. And as to the benefit the horse derives, I really believe he is better off at livery, than in private stables; for I understand the stable-keeper pleads that he does not get, and therefore cannot afford to allow so much in the one case as the other. I hope it is the difficulty to prove this cheat that is the cause of its continuance; but I should particularly recommend to gentlemen who have not much leisure, or will not give themselves the trouble to look to the condition of their horses, to job them, and if they are not then in proper condition to change the jobber; you are then not open to impositions of this kind.

Your's, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

ON the 13th instant died, at the house of his friend, Sir Thomas White, in the neighbourhood of Worksop, MR. GASCOIGNE, the only child of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bart. of Parlington, near Leeds, Yorkshire. This young gentleman, in pursuing the pleasure of the chase with Lord Scarborough's hounds, was thrown from the spirited animal which he rode, in making a leap over a small rivulet. His head struck against the strong branch of a tree, which threw him backwards with such violence as to rupture his spine. The immediate consequence was a paralysis of his lower parts, and although the first medical aid was procured, the accident terminated fatally.

On Thursday, the 19th instant, died, in an obscure apartment in the White Hart yard, St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, Mr. ROBERT FENN. In the early part of his life his company was sought after and welcomed by persons of high rank in the *sporting line;* possessing great skill himself as a marksman, with the best method of training dogs. As a tavern companion he was jocular, facetious, and replete with anecdote, entertaining the company, and inspiring mirth, with his oddities and eccentricities; as he advanced towards age, the season when indigence and poverty began to creep on, his mind became more seriously employed, he constantly attended divine worship every Lord's Day, spending his private hours in the exercise of religion.

He enjoyed an uninterrupted series of health until within a few days of his death, when he resigned himself with fortitude into the hands of his Creator, in the 75th year of his age.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HUNTING THE HARE.

HOW smooth glides the stream the gay meadows along!*
The birds! how delightful and tuneful their song;
How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn,
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn;
And, hark! still to heighten the joys of this place,
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chase.

See over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,
And the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;
Haste, haste then away, let us join in the sport,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath!
Let's follow with speed, to be in at the death!

'Tis done—she is breathless! now home we repair,
While loud peals triumphant resound thro' the air;
Not a hill, or a vale, or a cavern around,
Where echo resides, but repeats the glad sound;
While Phœbus, well pleas'd, the gay prospect surveys,
And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

Thus bless'd with the pleasures the country affords,
Content in our stations, more happy than Lords;
With hearts true and loyal, we merrily sing,
Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring:
While the courtier is eager in hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the sports of the chase.

THE GAMESTERS.

TWO gamesters, who, throughout the night,
Had practised ev'ry art and sleight,
One sometimes gainer, sometimes t'other,
One rich this moment, next the other;
After they'd taken a long spell,
Just like two buckets in a well,
Each sometimes up, and sometimes down,
As fortune chose to smile or frown;
While wide awake the loser kept,
The happy winner soundly slept.

Of madness and dismay the type,
For any desperation ripe,
The loser put it to the vote,
To hang himself, or cut his throat:
The Devil no such mercy granted him,
For he for other business wanted him;
But put it in his head to creep
To t'other gamester fast asleep,
Nor hang himself to make bad worse,
But ease him of his ill-got purse.
"Thank you, dear Nick," the gamester cried;
Then going to his friend, he tried
(Now safely he had napping taken him)
To steal his purse, and not awaken him.

As he was searching him, and fumbling,

The

The other, starting up, and grumbling,
Cried, "What the Devil are you about?"
"Me!" cried the other, "why this rout?
I at our friend, the Devil's call,
Was taking my revenge, that's all."

DIANA AND CUPID.

A new Hunting Song, sung with universal applause, by Mr. Parry.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,
While Cupid still his pillow press'd,
Diana, rous'd by hounds and horn,
Her gentle virgins thus address'd:

SONG.

Hark away! hark away! to the merry-ton'd horn,
While the hound's chearful cry awakens the morn;
Diana herself rules the sports of the day,
And joins in the chorus of—Hark! hark away!
With cautious steps avoid the bow'r,
Where wily Cupid sleeping lies;
Fond nymphs! you'll rue the fatal hour,
Shou'd Love your spotless train surprise.
Hark away! &c.

Love will promise and deceive,
Leading youthful hearts astray;
But the joys our pastimes yield,
Are jocund, innocent, and gay.
Hark away! &c.

THE PEDESTRIAN RACER'S CAREER.

AT Newmarket course
The fleet-moving horse,
High-bounding, excell'd in the race;
But the biped call'd man,
On fashion's gay plan,
Now usurps the swift quadruped's place.

To start, walk, or run,
And afford mortals fun,
The fleet pedestrians prepare;
While the race-ground displays
The pride of our days,
The gallant, the rich, and the fair.

The spectators now throng,
As, with strides quick and long
Barclay on the turf does perform;
While the knowing ones bet,
Lo! Barclay does sweat,
With hope and brisk exercise warm.

Now arriv'd at the goal,
The pedestrian's glad soul
Feels emotions of triumph sublime:
His race he has won,
And the contest is done—
He has foil'd his competitor, Time!

Yet Time's chilling breath,
And the torpor of Death
Shall the racer arrest in his flight,
And the sportsmen who now
Place the wreath on his brow,
Shall sink to the regions of night.

B.

THE HARE'S LAST REFUGE;

Or, Parson Titheman's Charity.

WHEN Phœbus rose, with smile serene,
The huntsman blew his horn,
The hounds assembled on the green,
And hail'd the jocund morn.

Poor puss was rous'd, and thro' the brake
She bent her dubious way;
She doubled—then sprang o'er the dyke
To lead her foes astray.

In vain each subtle turn she tries—
No friendly russet near:
Then to the parson's cot she hies,
To seek a shelter there.

With piteous look she ask'd relief,
And crept beneath his chair;
But Parson Titheman spurn'd her brief,
So rose and kill'd the hare.

Ye bestial train, mind what I say,
And listen, hares, I charge ye:
Ye've benefit of pastures gay,
But not of the clergy.

A. K.

LINES,

On a superannuated Horse, at the point of Death.

'TWAS but some twenty years or more,
Poor luckless beast! I view'd thee o'er,
Sound wind and limb, I think as good
As any of the noblest blood.

Too

Too well thou know'st thy master's death—
Thy best days parted with his breath,
When cockney sportsmen took to horse,
And join'd with huntsmen in the course,
Full oft I've seen thee chase the hare:
No Eppfng stag admitted there.
And then upon your back you bore
Your gen'rous master on before.
But now, it seems, grim Death, ere long,
Will well revenge thy ev'ry wrong.
No more the coachman's whip shall smack,
With painful stripe, across thy back,
Nor post-boy spur thy poor raw hide,
Till blood runs trickling down thy side.
Methinks my muse, in pity, cries,
To men this simile applies:
Far happier is the mortal's lot,
Who lives and dies within a cot,
By poverty laid low in earth,
Than he to whom a Court gives birth.

REUBEN VERITAS.

Homerton.

SONNET—MODERN AND SUBLIME.

THE rain descended from the cloud-fraught sky,
The lamp threw forth its half-extinguish'd gleam;
In soothing sleep the watchman clos'd his eye:
No clocks, nor thieves, disturb'd his midnight dream.

When, reeling from the gin-shop, Nelly came,
And laid her limbs down by the watch-box door,
At ease repos'd the flow'r of Dark-house lane,
Whose nasal note most sweetly 'gan to roar.

Now dreams repeat the actions of the day,
In fancy, Poll with brandish'd fist appears,
And scornful vents her wanton gibes and jeers,
Infuriate, and ready for the fray;
Sweet Nell up rose, her prowess to display,
And soundly thrash'd the midnight guardian's ears.

A. K.

NELLY HAGAN.

A DIRGE FROM THE IRISH.

Tune—"'Twas when the Seas were roaring."

IN Ballyricknakelly,
By Lagan's limpid stream,
Once flourish'd blue-ey'd Nelly,
Each rural Poet's theme.

Full many a rich young farmer
Her hand in wedlock sought;
But all in vain—the charmer
By wealth could ne'er be bought.

At length an artful rover
From Mona's distant Isle,
Address'd her as a lover,
And did her heart beguile.

And soon the favour'd stranger
Prevail'd on her to fly
With him, and brave the danger
Of winter's stormy sky.

She left her tender mother,
The frowning sea to pass;
She left her loving brother,
And hurried to Ardglass.

A vessel there was ready,
To waft the lovers o'er;
The wind blew strong, but steady,
For Mona's misty shore.

But ere half channel over,
A squall, with furious sweep,
Whelm'd vessel, maid, and lover,
Beneath the raging deep!

Ye gentle Nymphs of Dagan,
That read this rueful strain,
Lament fair Nelly Hagan,
Who perish'd in the main.

And, when designing strangers,
To leave fond parents press,
Reflect on your own dangers—
Reflect on their distress.

HAFIZ.

A PISCATORY SONNET—IN THE MODERN STYLE.

'TWAS now, if right I think, December's reign,
Old Winter's hoary head was clad with snows,
When Nan from Billingsgate, with strong-nerv'd strain,

Bawl'd

Bawl'd out to let Tom know that
sprats had rose.

Little he heeded what she said, poor
swain!
For he, alas! on crutches limp'd along;
When she, officious, wish'd to know his
pain,
Whether 'twas chilblains sore that
marr'd his song.

"Ah no!" said Tom—"indeed with
grief I speak,
No chilblain sore could e'er this bosom
throb;
For know, dear Nance, throughout this
last long week
I did not earn not e'en a single *bob!*

"For on my little toes, just like two
horns,
I've got (said he) *two d—d confounded
corns.*"

REUBEN VERITAS.

Homerton.

MARY MARTIN—A BALLAD.

POOR William was landed at bonny
Dumbarton,
Where the streams from Lochlomond
run into the sea:
At home, in sweet Ireland, he left Mary
Martin,
With a child at her foot, and a babe on
her knee.

The Regiment march'd off when the pas-
sage was over,
The route was for England, by land
all the way;
No, never to halt; but at Ramsgate or
Dover,
Embark in the vessels that were in the
Bay.

Fond Mary, the while, in her spirit quite
broken,
Disturb'd in her sleep, and perplex'd
in her mind,
No letter from William—no tidings—no
token,
Resolv'd, at all hazards, her hero to
find.

O! what in this world can deter a true
lover?
It is not long journies by land or by
sea—
Intent on her love, in a boat without
cover,
She cross'd to Port Patrick from Do-
naghadee!

The Irish are true to Humanity's claims,
And the Scots and the English are
never unkind;
Poor Mary found friends from the Boyne
to the Thames,
As she trudg'd with her babes in a wallet
behind!

Arriv'd at the coast—by her sorrowful
tale,
She soften'd the Captain to let her on
board;
And never, O! never did mariner sail
With a couple like William to Mary
restor'd!

When he press'd to his bosom his infants
and wife,
The sailors gave way to a tear, and no
more;
The soldiers danc'd round to the drum
and the fife,
And plaudits were heard from the peo-
ple on shore!

Then away went the fleet—and, sailing
with glee,
May Glory, in battle, be ever at hand!
May Britons live happy, united, and
free,
Supreme on the Ocean, unconquer'd by
Land!

J. MAYNE.

EPITAPH

On an old Lady, who died with a Pack of Cards in her Hand.

HERE lies Mrs. Fagg,
And I hope she's at rest,
But without *Loo* or *Brag*
She'd be sadly distrest.

So lest cards might be few
In so distant a land,
She slily withdrew,
With *a pack in her hand.*

J. B.